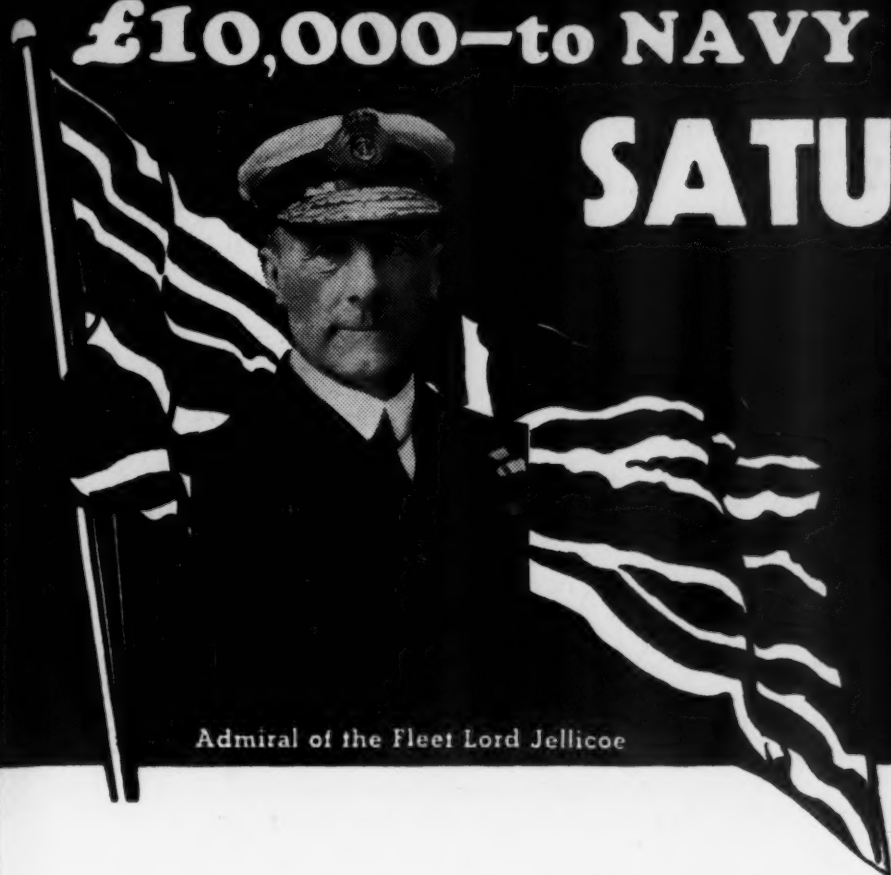


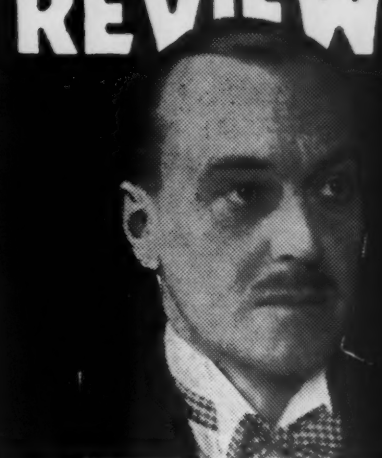
Lady Houston gives

**£10,000—to NAVY LEAGUE**

# SATURDAY REVIEW



Admiral of the Fleet Lord Jellicoe



Lord Lloyd

## THE NAVY LEAGUE DINNER

### EFFECT OF POST-WAR REDUCTIONS



At the Navy League Trafalgar Day dinner held at Grosvenor House, Lord Lloyd, president, was in the chair, and the guests, numbering over 300, included Lord Derby, Mr. Churchill, and many distinguished officers of the Senior Service and members of Parliament. An oil painting of Lord Nelson, at the foot of which had been placed a laurel wreath, was displayed at the President's table, and the menu card bore a representation of the painting of H.M.S. Iron Duke flying the flag of Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet which Mr. Frank H. Mason, R.I., painted for the League.

A telegram was received from the King at Sandringham expressing the thanks of the King and Queen for a loyal message sent on behalf of the League.

The president, appealing on behalf of the efforts of the League to raise £50,000 for a fighting fund to urge the need for an adequate Navy, announced amid cheers, that Lady Houston had given the campaign an encouraging start by promising a donation of £10,000.

#### THE SPEECHES BY

Admiral of the Fleet  
Lord Jellicoe

Lord Derby

Mr. Winston Churchill

Admiral Lord Cork & Orrery

Admiral of the Fleet  
Sir Roger Keyes

on page 368

**£50,000**

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## Britain as the Milch Cow

**M.** LITVINOV has returned to Geneva with a typically farcical proposal. It is to impose penalties of the nature of sanctions not only on Italy but also on all those States of the League which may fail to enforce the immediate severance of their financial and commercial relations with her.

Doubtless he hopes that this **would increase the confusion already produced by the efforts of the Sanctionists.** It is quite evident that a war between the capitalist States of Europe would suit Russia's book admirably and perhaps prove the salvation of Moscow's bankrupt Communism.

But could there be anything more ridiculous than such a system of punishment? If it were carried out we should have a double and perhaps even a treble crop of sanctions in force, dislocating trade and causing unutterable confusion.

**The fact is that the whole scheme of sanctions is likely to collapse.** Austria, Hungary, and Albania are quite definitely and officially outside it, and have refused to have anything to do with it.

**Switzerland might be described as half out,** since she has protested her inability to take any measures which would affect her neutrality. She is certainly not going to cut off the lucrative transit trade between Germany and Italy which passes through her territory.

Unofficially, Soviet Russia, Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Turkey have intimated that they cannot risk a complete severance of trade with Italy without ruinous consequences to themselves, for which **they expect some form of compensation.**

Germany, the United States, and Japan, not being in the League, will continue to ship to Italy such of their wares as Italy can pay for (with the sole exception in the case of the United States of arms and munitions). So that the sanctions net is riddled with huge holes, through which everything that Italy wants will slip.

### **Unpleasant Possibilities.**

It is one of the tragic farces at Geneva that Great Britain is to be formally appointed Europe's milch cow. An organ of bellicose Radicalism in this country yesterday let the cat out of the bag by stating that "we must face frankly and generously the giving of assistance to those who are most sharply hit."

The British public may therefore have to prepare for another sixpence in the £ on the income tax as one of the sacrifices required to pay for all this foolery!

But, ridiculous as is the situation at Geneva, there are **unpleasant possibilities** behind it. Many people will recall the warnings given in the House of Commons by Sir Austen Chamberlain and Mr. Baldwin. Sir Austen said on July 11 last that "nothing short of an effective blockade with all that that involved [which he had shortly before explained as war] would make economic sanctions effective."

Mr. Baldwin was just as definite on May 18, 1934, when he said, "**There is no such thing as a sanction that will work that does not mean war**; or, in other words, if you are going to adopt a sanction you must be prepared for war."

The risk of the sanctions process which is so light-heartedly recommended by our jingo Press is that, by the above warnings of our statesmen, it might bring a sudden explosion. For sanctions, however applied, have this grave defect—that they aggravate international friction. Past history shows that in such situations as are now being created **wars have come, taking statesmen by surprise.**

—Daily Mail.

# The League of Nations OR Our King and Country?

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*By*

*LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.*

To

The Archbishop of Canterbury,

Your Grace,

WHEN the young men of Oxford—and other cowardly youths—declared that nothing would induce them to fight for their King or Country—you were silent—and a time-honoured adage says—“SILENCE GIVES CONSENT.”

THE safety of your King and Country apparently did not interest you—but the thought of the League of Nations being in peril—is so terrible in your eyes that you are now exhorting these same young men—from the housetops—to fight and die for the League of Nations—and you scornfully denounce those patriots who would rather fight and die for England.

WHEN you said—“The only force which can in the last resort secure and maintain the peace of the world is a spiritual force”—those words were worthy of the Head of the Church of England—but—what can we think when you immediately add, “In considering the place of the League of Nations, not only in the present, but in the future, the use of military force in the last resort cannot be excluded,”

**T**HAT splendid patriot whom we all mourn to-day—Lord Carson—known as—The Lion of Ulster—because of his great and wonderful courage said “You cannot compromise with loyalty” and A GREATER THAN HE SAID “YE CANNOT SERVE TWO MASTERS.”

We most respectfully ask your Grace to read the following.

These words quoted from last Sunday's “Sunday Express” prove the utter absurdity of any value being put on what Sir Samuel Hoare is pleased to call “Collective Economic Sanctions.”

## LITVINOFF'S OUTBURST

By WILLIAM FORREST.

“Sunday Express” Special Correspondent.

GENEVA, Saturday.

**W**ITH a sensational speech by M. Maxim Litvinoff, Foreign Commissar of Soviet Russia, the sanctions conference of fifty nations broke up at 9 o'clock to-night, not to meet again until October 31.

**T**HE conference, with a series of silent votes of assent, had ratified the latest proposals of the Committee of Eighteen—the general staff of the sanctions army.

**I**T had endorsed Mr. Eden's proposals for a ban on imports from Italy, and the French plan to ban the exports to Italy of “key” products, all transport animals, and various metals.

**I**T had heard its deserters. First there were the original deserters, Austria, Hungary, and Albania, who repeated once again that they would not and could not do anything to impair their friendship with Italy.

**T**HEN Chili, Peru, Paraguay, Persia, Spain—one after another. Here a demand for compensation, there a reservation.

**S**PAIN'S point, put by Senor Madariaga, was that iron ore (one of Spain's chief export) should not be included in the list of banned key products, since iron and steel were not included. Steel, of course, is not in the list because America is not in the League. For the same reason coal, cotton, and oil are excluded.

**R**EALISING this, the conference decided to-night to make the necessary approach to America and the other outsiders.

**T**HE chairman was about to declare the session closed, when M. Litvinoff rose and asked leave to make a few general observations.

**D**ELEGATES who had begun to collect their papers settled back in their seats as M. Litvinoff, his face flushed, launched into a short but fiery speech.

**“A** WHOLE system of economic sanctions has been elaborated,” he said, “but economic sanctions have not been exhausted; they have not gone the whole length.

**“W**E have decided on measures peculiar to the case before us. These measures cannot be regarded as a precedent for future cases of aggression.”

**E**VERY one in the room knew the “future aggressor” whom the Bolshevik commissar had in mind. If Germany ever breaks the peace Russia will not be satisfied with the milk-and-water measures which the League is employing against Italy.

**M**EMBERS of the League, M. Litvinoff went on, had pleaded racial kinship, and their special geographical position as an excuse for backing out of sanctions against Italy. Might not that happen in the future? The aggressor would always have his friends.

**T**HIS was a glancing blow at Poland, now the firm friend of Germany and, by the same token, the enemy of Russia.



M. LITVINOFF then raised his voice to a shout as he rapped out a final warning to the League:—

**"WE are prepared to submit to any measures recommended here for the purpose of maintaining peace. But that undertaking only holds good so long as other members of the League fulfil their obligations.**

**"IF the exceptions now made run counter to the measures taken by the League, my Government reserve the right to reconsider the decisions now taken."**

## AFTER 19 DAYS OF WARFARE

**TWO** members of the League have now been at war with each other for nineteen days. What has the League done to stop them?

**IT** has brought Article 16 of the Covenant into play for the first time in League history.

**ARTICLE 16** commands immediate rupture with the aggressor State. All trade and financial relations must be severed at once, all personal intercourse stopped.

**AT** the same time it is the "duty" of the League Council to recommend military sanctions. That is the law of the League. How has it been fulfilled?

**EIGHT** days ago sanction No. 1 was decreed: Ban on arms for Italy. **Only fifteen of the fifty-four League States have so far applied it.** Meanwhile Italy has all the arms she needs, and Abyssinia fights with ancient swords and rusty rifles.

**FIVE** days ago came Sanction No. 2: Ban on loans and credits.

**AS** yet only one State—Russia—has enforced it. Not a rouble, not a copek for the Duce.

**SANCTION** No. 3: Economic pressure. A week ago Mr. Eden called for an immediate ban on all imports from Italy—"simple in application, swift in execution, highly effective."

**THE** call has not been answered. Governments have been given to the end of the month to make up their minds. Then the Sanctions Conference will meet again to see if the economic pressure can be applied.

**WELL** may the Duce agree to accept such punishment with "discipline and calmness."

**THE** helplessness of the League in face of a powerful aggressor—that is one lesson of the first essay in sanctions. But not the only one. Humiliation is joined with frustration, insult added to injury.

## "PRICE OF MARTYRDOM"

**AUSTRIA** and Hungary, which owe their survival to the League, bluntly refuse to obey it.

**LITTLE** Albania flouts the Covenant with impunity, saying that her alliance with Italy comes first.

**SWITZERLAND**, home of the League, stands out against economic sanctions because of her "special position."

**ARGENTINA**, whose envoy presided over the League Council which set the sanctions machinery in motion, already pleads "special position"—and prepares to sign a new trade pact with Italy.

**LITTLE** Entente and Balkan Entente swear that they will "sacrifice" themselves on the altar of sanctions—provided it does not hurt.

**COMMERCIAL** and credit concessions, higher quotas and lower tariffs for their goods, that is the price of their martyrdom,

## THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

### That Fanatical Union

Not content with having stirred up bad feeling between two friendly nations after waging a long campaign which has certainly contributed to our defencelessness, the League of Nations Union has now arranged a bellicose meeting at the Albert Hall at which such firebrands as the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Cecil will speak. Others who will join these crusaders on the platform are Sir Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Herbert Morrison, and Lady Violet Bonham Carter.

We have no objection to Lady Violet saying whatever she pleases because no one is likely to take the least notice; while, as for Sir Austen and Mr. Morrison, has it not been said that it takes a politician out of office to solve great problems? Lord Cecil has always been a monomaniac on this subject and it is too much to expect him to change his tune so late in life.

It would be interesting to know, however, what right the Archbishop has to meddle in politics. It is true that he has a seat in the House of Lords, a relic of mediævalism which might well be remedied, but we are far from satisfied that it is the province of the clergy to meddle in secular affairs.

### Demanding War

We cannot, of course, predict the exact wording of the resolution which will emerge from the League of Nations Union meeting in support of "swift action" against Italy; the *News Chronicle*, that organ of snivelling Liberalism has, however, kindly



laid its cards on the table. It has demanded: (1) an extension of the list of goods banned to Italy by the League; (2) the shutting of Italian ships out of all League ports; (3) the closing of the Suez Canal by battleships.

As the *Sunday Express* points out, these are acts of war, and will certainly be treated as such by Italy, and it rightly emphasises that war in these days means mobilisation of all British forces, conscription, ration cards, exposure to enemy bombing and all the inconveniences associated with the Great War multiplied tenfold.

\* \* \*

### Lady Houston's Gift

Lady Houston has presented a standard to the G.W.R. Association of the Old Contemptibles

which has been dedicated in St. James Church, Paddington.

The flag was designed by the late Lieutenant J. B. Pavey, who was employed at the G.W.R. stores department at Barry and who died recently of meningitis due to shrapnel wounds. For the last nineteen years Mr. Pavey had been going about with three pieces of shrapnel in his neck, one in his lungs, and another in his head and it is a tribute to his uncomplaining courage that he was able to work regularly with such a disability.

Writing on the Italo-Abyssinia dispute and the League of Nations in *Time and Tide*, Mr. Bernard Shaw says:

Our real attitude is summed up in Lady Houston's thrilling "Damn the League of Nations!" That is almost unladylike; but it is thoroughly sound. The League will have to be born again and born differently, before it can deal with resolute men who know its present impotence.

### Mankind's Two Voices

Edmund Burke (writes Dean Inge in the *Evening Standard*) says that "the principles of true politics are but those of morals enlarged." This conviction is also the foundation of Plato's great treatise, "The Republic." The individual is the State in miniature. The man, like the State, may be controlled by his wisest and noblest faculty, or he may be coerced by some tyrant appetite, or distracted by an undisciplined mob of discordant desires. Yet Plato has very little to say about our greatest modern problem, the relations of group to group, of nation to nation.

\* \* \*

Burke's principle is often disputed, more often ignored, and hardly ever acted upon in modern Europe. We are pulled different ways by two voices, one calling us to acknowledge the brotherhood of man, in obedience to a Master with whom "there is neither Jew nor Greek, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free"; the other calling us to show unquestioning loyalty to King and country.

The former ideal is individual and universal, the latter national and political. This is the great cleavage which distracts our civilisation; on personal conduct, individual ethics, we all think much alike, though we do not always live up to our convictions.

\* \* \*

But in his dealings with other nations the European gives a lip-service to universal ethics, and invents various excuses for acting on the

principles of national ethics. In the Great War, our nation honestly tried to combine the two principles; the more logical French have always, I think, put France first. The Germans were more idealistic than the French until Napoleon humiliated and plundered them. Then Hegel and Fichte taught them to worship the God-state, and they have learned the lesson with ponderous thoroughness.

I shall illustrate my point best by two or three sentences from Friedrich Naumann, who writes as a Christian. "I do not know how to help myself in the conflict between Christianity and the other tasks of life except by recognising the limits of Christianity. The State forms part of the struggle for existence; its pattern is in Rome, not Nazareth. Military power is the foundation of all order in the State and of all prosperity in society."

Besides our religious creed, we must have a political creed as well. Here, put quite bluntly, is the theory of two loyalties, one national, the other only personal, which brought Europe to the verge of ruin. It is the doctrine which still guides the nations in their dealings with each other. "What scoundrels we should be," said Cavour, the disciple of Machiavelli and the tutor of Mussolini, "if we did for ourselves what we are doing for Italy!"

\* \* \*

Some writers have maintained that nations which have followed universalist ethics have been ruined by the decay of public spirit. They think that Christianity wrecked the Roman Empire. But the Empire died of Rome, not of Nazareth. Rome was a vampire which drained the wealth of its provinces and produced none. (There were other causes, which I cannot discuss here.) With even less reason, it is said that Islam, another universalist religion, decayed after a short career of splendour.

But Arabian civilisation was destroyed in the West by Spain, in the East by the Mongols. Paris, London and Rome would certainly have shared the fate of Baghdad if they had been within reach of the horsemen of Jenghiz Khan.

The advocates of nationalistic ethics remind us that we must take human nature as it is, and that nationalism is now the most powerful force in the world. The operation of these irrational forces, says Professor McDougall, has falsified again and again the economic interpretation of history. "Human nature has continued to clasp to its bosom the Great Illusion, and to be governed by its irrational prejudices." Well, if men are always to be governed by prejudices which they know to be irrational, we may as well throw up the sponge.

There are, of course, better arguments. Patriotism is far too noble a thing to lose. Love of the human race is a sentiment which we are justified in regarding with a good deal of scepticism. If I do not love my countrymen whom I have seen, is it likely that I should love the

Russians or Abyssinians or Chinese whom I have not seen?

And there is one question which I should like to put to our extreme internationalists, who want to



abolish all frontiers, all Custom-houses, all national governments. Are our pacifist friends prepared to face the free competition of the cheap races, with whom the white man is quite unable to compete, except by violence?

\* \* \*

But are the two principles really antagonistic? Is there any reason why we should not behave to other nations as we do to our private neighbours? This does not mean that we must leave our houses open at night, nor that we must not defend ourselves against unprovoked attack. Nor does it mean that we must invite the yellow races to come and settle in England. But it does mean that we should forswear utterly the double standard of morality, one for private life and the other for foreign politics.

McDougall thinks that we need a "synthesis" of the two loyalties. In a sense, I agree. There is no limit to what our country may come to mean for us, without ceasing to be our country. But this means such a complete transformation of the old nationalist ethics that we can hardly speak of it as a synthesis.

The old acquisitiveness and imperialism is not only a negation of Christianity, but an anachronism, when all the great nations are sharing in a common culture, and linked together by a thousand ties. To put the matter on the lowest ground, if your chief rival and your best customer happen to own the same head, it cannot be good business to cut that head off.

\* \* \*

If anyone doubts that international ethics are thoroughly barbarous, I recommend him to read the Life and Letters of Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, our ambassador at Washington. Spring-Rice was a man of very noble character. But all through his diplomatic career he found himself confronted by base intrigues against his country, and continual attempts to seize, without the slightest scruple, any opportunities to injure her. This state of things is intolerable, and until it is remedied, religion and common sense have completely failed to dominate the "ape and tiger" which, as we all know, lie not far below the surface in human nature.



# Internationalism Over All

By Meriel Buchanan

**E**NGLAND seems to have forgotten her former rigidly adhered to principles of non-interference in the affairs of foreign countries, and one cannot help comparing the Government's present attitude with that of 1918 when the Bolsheviks imposed the most unspeakable sufferings on the Russian people, when they foully murdered the cousin of the King of England with his whole family, when they shot down an officer of the British Navy on the steps of the Embassy in Petrograd, and confiscated the property of British subjects.

England did not intervene then. The Government hesitated and prevaricated, supported the White Armies with one hand and held out the other to the Bolsheviks, bolstering them up and giving them time to consolidate their positions and gain complete control in Russia. Nothing was done to avenge the slaughter of the Czar and his wife and children. No effort was made to put an end to the terrible conditions, the appalling suffering of a former ally.

## NO "DUTY" TALK

People treated the stories of atrocities and torture with a slightly incredulous compassion, but there was no talk of an Englishman's "sacred duty." The Clergy did not call on them to "stand by their ideals and if need be fight for them to the last man." No sanctions were imposed on Russia. Nothing was done to retrieve the confiscated property of British subjects. The Soviet State was recognised, their delegates were received as honoured guests at Buckingham Palace. The horrors and atrocities were glossed over. "Russia," it was argued, "is so far away. Their internal troubles are really no concern of ours."

But is not Abyssinia still further away? And is her quarrel with Italy any concern of England's? Abyssinia has never been our ally; she is bound by no ties of blood relationship with our Royal family; according to the accounts of travellers she is still in a completely barbarous state, and yet for her sake we are willing to draw down on our country the enmity of the whole world!

For let us make no mistake. Mr. Eden's attitude at Geneva is bringing nothing but disrepute to England. We are loathed in Italy, hated in France, despised in Germany, ridiculed in Russia. We are driving Italy into the arms of Germany. We are alienating French sympathies. Russia will use us for her own ends, fight on our side, and spread dissension and revolt among our armed forces. And yet people in England are sufficiently ignorant and foolish to boast of the fact that, in the event of war, we could count on the support of the Soviet State. Again and again I have heard the phrase. "Well, anyhow, we shall have Russia on our side and thus the best army and the most powerful air fleet in the world."

I have already stated in a former article that the Red Army will be used, not only as a fighting force, but as it is used now, as a propaganda machine, and even when ostensibly fighting on our side the Red Soldiers will secretly spread their poison among our troops, they will breed dissension in our ranks. They will create insubordination and mutinies; they will sow in our soldiers' minds insidious doubts, questions to which there will be no answer, a restless discontent, a dissatisfied uncertainty, a rankling, dangerous hatred of the capitalist class. The Red Air Fleet will take part in the same intensive propaganda, but they will not confine themselves to the armed forces, and their efforts will be directed chiefly against the civilian population, the workers of the great industrial districts in the North.

The League of Nations and the new diplomacy have failed to find a solution to the present imbroglio; will the old diplomacy of practised and experienced Ambassadors succeed?

Unless we want to involve ourselves in a war and bring chaos, not only to England, but to the rest of Europe, unless we want to estrange ourselves irredeemably with an old and trusted friend, we should put a stop to the propaganda for Abyssinia, the cheers that greet the pictures of the Emperor and his countrymen, the hisses that break out when photographs of the Italian army appear. It is time people remembered what Russia did in 1918 before they talk so glibly of allying themselves with a country whose rulers' hands are stained with blood.

## BITTERNESS IN ITALY

Writing in the *Giornale d'Italia* on October 12th, Signor Gaida declared that the League of Nations was under a British mandate. "Italy," he added bitterly, "will never forget the zeal shown by the British Government and its supporters to furnish slave-owning Ethiopia with the means of dealing death to her soldiers who gave 670,000 lives in the Great War, for the common victory."

Have we any right to take umbrage at these words? Can we wonder that Italy, remembering her services to us in the war, bitterly resents our present attitude? Is it not only too natural that the almost rabid pro-Abyssinian propaganda, now being broadcast in England, inflames the feelings, already irritated and perturbed by the blunders of untrained and irresponsible diplomats and pseudo statesmen? Every action prejudicial to Italy announced in flaring letters on the posters. Every news reel showing photographs, bound to stir up public sympathy with the Abyssinians! Clergymen in the Churches, calling on Englishmen to stand by their ideals and enforce them with military measures if need be! Socialist professors declaring that it is England's duty to fight for the people of



Ethiopia! Not a word said about the tortures inflicted by these "poor little Abyssinians" on the helpless wounded whose unhappy fate it has been to fall into their hands!

And all the time Mr. Eden fulminating against Italy at Geneva, urging the reluctant nations to impose stronger measures against Italy, dictating terms irrespective of the will of the English people, sinking deeper and deeper into the cunningly prepared trap of the Soviet. How the rulers of the Kremlin must love this sleek, good looking young Englishman who plays so obligingly into their hands! "European Busybody Number One," as one paper called him, devoted propagandist of the League of Nations, designated by Mr. Baldwin as a Prime-Minister-in-the-making, and faithful disciple of Monsieur Litvinoff, who is obviously using the present situation and the League of Nations to further his own ends.

Thanks to her interference in a quarrel which

lay completely beyond her sphere, England has stirred up a dangerous war fever in Europe, and, owing to the machinations of Mr. Eden and the support of Mr. de Valera and the pacifist socialists, she has completely alienated a former friend and ally. And for what? In his article in the *Observer* on October 8th Mr. Garvin voices this same question. "Are we," he asks "to risk chaos in civilisation for the Ethiopian Empire? For that, above all imaginable things? More than half of it is not Abyssinian by any right. That recent acquisition by the terrorising, slave-holding Amhara was the most cruel conquest of modern times, and the system is still the most barbarous on earth to-day. Had we space enough here for all, we would guarantee not to cite one word from the Italian dossier; to quote direct only from British, American, French and German travellers and yet to tell a tale which would make every sanctionist shudder with repulsion."

## Comparisons are Odious

By Kim

MR. EDEN apparently imagines that his truculent efforts in Geneva are applauded by the vast majority of his fellow-countrymen. The sort of people who are forming a clique in support of his immoderate anxiety to impose the most extreme sanctions on Italy are precisely those who agitate for disarmament even at this minute, and whose outlook is far more in sympathy with the views of Sir Stafford Cripps, who told an audience in Bristol last week that they had only to look at the pages of British Imperial history to hide their heads in shame that they were British! In fact the bulk of them are Little Englanders, who detest a strong British Empire and would gladly see it disintegrate.

Apparently the vindictive policy of Mr. Eden in Geneva is more than even Mr. Baldwin could stomach, and hence it would seem the Cabinet last week instructed him to postpone the putting into operation of any economic sanctions before October 31st. Also they recalled Mr. Eden in order, let us hope, to prevent him from doing any further mischief in the present delicate state of affairs. For there is no gainsaying the fact that in the eyes of the world Mr. Eden in Geneva has constituted the whole driving force of the League machinery, whose object is to compel Signor Mussolini to withdraw all his forces from Abyssinia and leave the Negus triumphant and independent, or, alternatively, to impose a steadily increasing barrage of sanctions until it results in blockade and thence to war.

It is Mr. Eden who has led the van to impose sanctions with indecent hurry that can brook no delay. It is Mr. Eden who retires into secret cabinets with hesitating members of the League and is ready to concede anything so long as they preserve the semblance of a united front to prove to the world that the League of Nations is ready to make any sacrifices, the sacrifices being made

*bien entendu* by Great Britain. It is Mr. Eden who extracts an agonised consent from M. Laval that if any untoward event occurs, otherwise if Signor Mussolini is driven into a situation from which hostilities emerge, that France will support us with her fleet.

Naturally, who can blame Signor Mussolini if he reflects that he sees Great Britain, as represented by Mr. Eden, egging on the League with what looks to him like ill-bred insolence, endeavouring to bring his country to utter humiliation. After all, the French have been for all these years the mainstay of the League, making it the backbone of their foreign policy, when we here were very dubious about its success. If active sanctions were to be imposed in order to preserve intact the Covenant it should have been France to lead the way, not Britain.

There was no need for Mr. Eden to have hurled himself into the position of chief protagonist to impose sanctions, because to argue, as Mr. Baldwin did at Worcester, that we must test the machinery to see if it works, is in this instance a perilous business. The machinery does not work, as is proved by the many defaulters and semi-defaulters in the League, but why in the name of common sense should Great Britain have incurred the odium of using these pincers on Signor Mussolini? Well may he retort, as Cæsar did to Brutus, "*et tu, Brute.*"

Our Government complains of the violent tone of the Italian Press, but the Italians would scarcely be human were they not to resent the British attitude as chief prosecutor, seeing that Italy has always shown the utmost friendship for us when we have been unpopular on the continent.

Can anybody wonder that Italy regards us now as playing the part of a Judas? Yet, under all the provocation Signor Mussolini has suffered, he has behaved with perfect etiquette, keeping a restrain-

ing hand on his people's fiery southern tempers. He has accepted the rebuff of the League with dignity. He has not resigned, as he might well have done, as Japan and Germany did directly their motives were impugned. He has discreetly suggested to M. Laval that the British Fleet hanging round the Suez Canal and based off Alexandria might be reduced, but he has made no accusations nor deviated in any way from diplomatic correctitude. Yet, if we talk of attacks in the Italian Press on ourselves, no responsible ruler of a great Power has been more savagely abused and his honesty impugned more assiduously than has Signor Mussolini. Comparisons are odious but the fact

remains that in this unhappy business of the League of Nations making Signor Mussolini the scapegoat of their past failures, he emerges with his prestige unshaken among his countrymen, whereas we, thanks to the ill-judged and petulant methods of Mr. Eden see our motives questioned and danger of war increase.

Well may Mr. Baldwin, on the eve of the General Election, pause before he allows this country to be pushed over the top. He will find few Conservatives to support an intransigent policy which has not even the merit of a Navy, Army, or Air Force able to enforce it.

## CARSON: Apostle of Patriotic Faith

By the Right Hon. Viscount Craigavon

*Prime Minister of Northern Ireland since 1921 (In an Interview)*

**C**OURAGEOUS as a lion, tender-hearted as a woman—that was Edward Carson, the father of Northern Ireland, whose people mourn him to-day with the bitter grief of personal and intimate bereavement.

To the men and women of Ulster, Carson was more than a great leader, more even than the saviour of their province for the Empire. He was the apostle of their patriotic faith, the incarnation of that profound loyalty to King and country which burns more fiercely in Northern Ireland than in other parts of the United Kingdom because in Northern Ireland it has been stirred by the storms of an historic struggle and quickened by the glow of individual sacrifice.

What were the outstanding qualities of this great man, who played so powerful and unparalleled a part in the history of our own times?

First among them I would name his simplicity of mind. Political antagonists pretended to see in Carson a Machiavellian figure, a subtle and crafty spirit with a genius for strategy. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

The secret of his success in the cause to which he gave himself with such unsparing devotion during the last quarter-century of his life was a singleness of vision which I have never found equalled in any other man. He had a supreme instinct for going instantly to the heart of any situation, however complicated.

In energy and courage Carson was equally outstanding. His fight for Ulster literally put his life in peril. Though no actual attempt was made upon him, the risk of one accompanied him for years; yet he completely ignored the danger, treating it as no more than an insignificant circumstance of the campaign which he had undertaken.

There is nothing in my public life upon which I look back with greater satisfaction than the fact that I was the medium through which the leadership of the Ulster Unionist cause was offered to Carson in 1910.

At that time, when the actual danger to Ulster's connection with the United Kingdom was less than

it subsequently became, there were several other distinguished men who might well have filled that post.

Carson knew that the acceptance of this post would involve him in a bitter struggle; that it would entail the breach of friendships; unscrupulous misrepresentation of his motives; and the sacrifice of worthy and high ambitions in other directions. But his spirit of patriotism prevailed over all other considerations, and he made it his life's mission to preserve Ulster as an integral part of the United Kingdom.

It was not Carson's ambition to become the leader of loyalist opinion throughout all Ireland, but he would have accepted the position if pressed; and I am of opinion that, had that eventuated, just as a doctor does not prescribe for all his patients alike, so, if his leadership had been accepted by loyalists throughout the country, Carson would have prescribed different methods for the South from those which he planned for the North.

That was an ideal which Carson was not to realise; yet so great-hearted was he that he never bore any ill-will against those who refrained from electing him as their leader, and he championed the cause of the Southern Irish loyalists to the last.

By the people of Northern Ireland Lord Carson was both loved and worshipped. On his last visit here, three years ago, to attend the opening of the Northern Ireland Parliament building by the Prince of Wales, he made a tour of Belfast by motor-car, though not in good health at the time, and had such a reception from the citizens of the Ulster capital as testified to the place which he will hold for ever in their hearts.

And now, at the end of his long and stormy life, Edward Carson will be laid to rest in Belfast Cathedral, to lie among the people he served so well. His monument stands already before our Parliament building, but a more enduring memorial still is the bond of loyalty which, thanks to the great work he did, will always unite the people of Ulster with the British Crown.

[Reprinted from the "Daily Mail."

# Archbishop's New Religion

By Col. Sir Thomas Polson, K.B.E., C.M.G.

ONE has heard of Fathers of the Church who fasted and who spent nights of vigil before dispensing the grace and wisdom of their counsel to their assembled bishops and priests; one has read of saints who fled far from the haunts of men to find in the wilderness the guidance of the still, small Voice; but in the whole history of the Church the present Archbishop of Canterbury is surely unique—for he finds his inspiration in the Foreign Office!

One had hoped that the story of prelates who meddled in politics had ended with the Reformation—a cleavage of Christendom which would probably never have occurred, but for the political pretensions of the Popes. It seemed that the Church of England at least had grasped the truth, the reiterated truth, "My kingdom is not of this world," and that when Christ removed Himself from the crowd which would have made Him king He definitely rebuked the suggestion that spiritual ends may be gained by political means. But of late there have been other signs.

## PRELUDE TO DISASTER

Remembering that meddling with politics is ever the prelude to the downfall of a priesthood, many church people have been rendered uneasy during the last few years at the way in which pacifism and economic questions and what not have ousted from many sermons the spiritual doctrines and the one supreme truth it is supposedly their true purpose to expound. But even the most perturbed can scarcely have foreseen the day when the Archbishop of Canterbury would march straight from consultation with the Foreign Secretary, Sir Samuel Hoare, very shortly before a general election, and inform a church congress that it would be an excellent idea to parcel out the British Empire—a suggestion already experimentally aired by the Government with electioneering intent—while in the same speech delivering such a harangue against the head of a foreign government that a commenting journalist was most amply justified in the remark that the Archbishop sharpens his pencil with a bayonet.

Not content with this performance, the Archbishop, according to the *Daily Telegraph*, went back to Sir Samuel at the Foreign Office on the following Saturday morning (Oct. 12th), and took with him representatives of churches in all parts of the United Kingdom. "The interview was private."

The explanations, however, must be public!

The Archbishop of Canterbury may be gifted with so unique a conception of his vocation that he believes he is preaching the gospel whenever he loads Il Duce with opprobrium. He may believe that he is loving his neighbour when he exposes the peoples of the Crown Colonies to utter uncertainty as to their future, and proposes remov-

ing from them the safe protection of British citizenship. He may imagine that by making political speeches, such as the people will shortly have the opportunity of hearing at every street corner, he can fill the empty churches, and bring a new religious fervour to the Nation.

He *may* believe all this, and his remarkable interpretation of Christianity rests between himself and his own conscience. But the fact that his Grace and his adherents are using the great authority of their position to make the Church of England the puppet of Sir Samuel Hoare, or any government department—an instrument to gesture to the public as he wills—is a matter that concerns every person in this country, and of which a clear account must be rendered to us.

Our ecclesiastics behaved oddly enough when they came down so heavily on the side of Sir Samuel Hoare and the India Bill last year. One would hardly have expected them to desire the abdication of Christian rule over a vast part of Asia and the handing over of control to Hindus, or even to Moslems. One asked oneself: Can it be that, having for so long belittled their own country in comparison with other nations, they are now determined to mete out the same treatment to their very faith? But to-day faith of any sort is completely forgotten while propaganda rules the roost.

## THEIR SPIRITUAL HOME

Whether all the tithe-payers whose cattle and goods have been seized to pay the ecclesiastical establishment some part of its revenues would have been willing so to suffer as long as our bishops and curates remained true to their calling and tended the spiritual lives and needs of their congregations, we do not know. But it is most abundantly and emphatically clear that neither they nor their fellow-countrymen will permit the continuance of such extortions if our prelates must turn politician and find their spiritual home in Whitehall.

Burke justly rebuked the solitary political harangue delivered from a pulpit in his own day:

"Politics and the pulpit are terms that have little agreement. No sound ought to be heard in the church but the healing voice of Christian charity. The cause of civil liberty and civil government gains as little as that of religion by this confusion of duties. Those who quit their proper character to assume what does not belong to them, are, for the greater part, ignorant both of the character they leave, and of the character they assume. Wholly unacquainted with the world in which they are so fond of meddling, and inexperienced in all its affairs, on which they pronounce with so much confidence, they have nothing of politics, but the passions they excite. Surely the church is a place where one day's truce ought to be allowed to the animosities of mankind."



# Roosevelt, Recovery, and Relief

By an American Correspondent

New York.

**I**F the average American could be personified just now, it would be fairly accurate to depict him as a man just out of hospital after a serious operation. In the wonderfully bracing October sunshine our convalescent starts for a stroll and finds his stride automatically growing longer, his shoulders thrown back more and more. He begins to feel more like the man he used to be . . . . And then a stumble over a not particularly rough bit of road, or a sharp stab of pain somewhere, reminds him that it would be better to go carefully yet awhile.

Certainly any superficial observer, moving for the first time through New York's business section, would say that here was a city definitely more prosperous than London. Men and women are well dressed, the motor traffic is as heavy as ever, taxicabs, which would make three of London's, glide sumptuously about. But let that same superficial observer take a train to Washington—a route which as far as Wilmington used to run through one of the most highly industrialised sections of the United States. The factories are still there: but all too many of them, instead of working three shifts a day, aren't working any shifts at all. The landscape may be improved by the absence of smoke from their chimneys—but the prosperity of their owners and workers isn't.

## More Money Spent, But—

In casual conversation everybody tells the newcomer that things are getting better. Pressed for details, those who say this will point to the undoubted fact that the Stock Market has been staging something of a boomlet, that retail trade is better, that newspapers and magazines are carrying more advertising, that people are buying new automobiles. But ask these people whether there are more jobs going, or whether existing jobs are getting any better, and they will return a prompt and emphatic negative.

What really seems to be happening is at least a temporary tendency on the part of a good many people to replace worn-out articles of consumption: to buy household requisites, new clothes, new tobacco-pouches. Also, some of the money which has been poured out in relief for the unemployed seems now to be getting into general circulation; and psychologically there is a feeling of greater confidence—which apparently means a relaxation of the tendency to hold on tightly to what money one has on the theory that there may not be any more after it has gone.

But on the other side of the picture are such facts as these, presented by the radical "New Republic," and not yet seriously controverted by other journals:

Unemployment is at least as high as it was a

year ago, with one-sixth the population on relief. The country's export trade is only a third of what it was at its highest point. The building industry is only a quarter of what it was. Railroad revenues are down by one half. Industrial production has not yet regained its highest point recorded prior to 1914.

This magazine itself suggests that on such evidence the verdict as to whether a real recovery is under way must be the Scottish one of "Not proven," and it is difficult for the unprejudiced observer not to agree: especially when he sees in the newspapers casual references to a great exhibition of machine tools now being held in Cleveland; and when, investigating this subject further, he learns that it is now estimated by engineers that there have been such improvements even since 1929 in labour saving machinery that the volume of industrial production reached in that year could to-day be duplicated by the efforts of 500,000 less workers than were then employed.

## Roosevelt Opposed

When one inquires into the effect of the present situation on the probable fortunes of President Roosevelt, one gets a quite definite impression that the President's popularity has dwindled even more than is generally believed. It certainly is not only the capitalists, the big industrialists, the so-called hard-faced men, who now oppose him. In clubs, restaurants, Pullman smokers and in casual conversation one finds the population more or less enthusiastically back at its old game of being "agin' the Government."

Particularly unfortunate seems to have been Mr. Roosevelt's assurance to a correspondent that the country was now going to be allowed a "breathing spell." It was well enough meant, but it appears to have carried a sort of sinister connotation of permission: of the schoolmaster allowing his class to relax, of the drill sergeant giving the command, "Stand at ease!"

There is apparent a sort of general tendency, on the part of the public, to reply:

"Oh, yeah? Thank you for nothing!"

There are a very few political observers who think that this feeling of hostility against the President will grow to such an extent that it will prejudice, if not eliminate, his chances of re-election next year. The vast majority, however, have as yet no fears concerning 1936.

Above and beyond everything, Mr. Roosevelt has one argument which even his opponents admit they cannot counter. He has four thousand million dollars, duly appropriated by Congress, to spend on relief works . . . . Some of the Republicans can even work up a fair semblance of cheerfulness until they remember about this!



# Mediterranean Mystery

By Robert Machray

THAT there is a relaxation of the tension between England and France on the one hand and more especially between England and Italy on the other, is indeed welcome news, but it should not be used to conceal the very grave fact that breaking point was nearly reached about the middle of last week so far as Anglo-Italian relations were concerned. Nor should the complementary fact be hidden, as is being attempted by the hack Press in its anxiety to make a good case for our wretched Government, that the improvement which has taken place is directly due to the timely intervention of M. Laval.

There was no secret as to the cause of the tension. It resulted in the first place from the concentration of the British Fleet in the Eastern Mediterranean, with its principal base at Alexandria, and in the second place from the massing in strength of Italian forces in Libya at no great distance from the western frontier of Egypt, with the implied threat to all the region of the Nile, the control of which is practically in British hands. The first step led to the second, a reply backed by the assemblage of Italian destroyers and submarines in the Dodecanese.

## WHY THIS MYSTERY?

Towards the end of August the British fleet had been quietly concentrated in the Mediterranean—so quietly that as little as possible was said about it in the British Press, the impression given being that it was nothing more than a matter of the usual "reliefs" taking the place of ships due to come home, and was devoid of any political significance.

But the foreign Press, with American papers in the lead, gave the news the utmost publicity, with plenty of appropriate comment on its importance. Maps were published showing how the "life-line" of the British Empire passed by way of Gibraltar and Malta to the Suez Canal and the East; and it was stated in pretty plain terms that the Fleet had been placed in position to act immediately, if British interests required it to do so, whether in repelling attacks, in attacking, or in closing the Canal, Italy, of course, being named as the enemy. All this, then, was common knowledge everywhere—except in England! That is, till the other day.

Why did our Government make such a mystery of the concentration of the Fleet in the Mediterranean? Why did it order, in effect, our papers to keep the whole business dark, or to minimise it, as if it had little or no news value? It certainly could not expect to fool Mussolini by withholding or minimising the news with respect to what was going on; well-informed, he took instant measures to offset the threat to his communications by his threat to invade Egypt. It was only after some weeks had elapsed that the average Englishman

became aware of the action of his Government, and had some notion of the danger of the situation.

It cannot be urged on behalf of the Government that its action concerning the Fleet was due in any way to its devotion to the League of Nations. It is true that Geneva jingoes, with Lord Cecil of Chelsea, the most militant of pacifists, in the van, had suggested the closing of the Suez Canal as the thing that would defeat Mussolini, but the League, as the League, had been absolutely silent, and it is the case that our Government acted as it did entirely on its own initiative. Unquestionably the League was not consulted—if it had been, one wonders what it would have said. Apparently not even France was told, though she soon got to know.

Why, again, all that mystery? Was it just a reckless move in a big game of bluff our Government stupidly thought Mussolini was playing, or what? In his speech last Saturday to his constituents Mr. Baldwin did nothing to throw light on the subject, but rather the reverse. After platitudinously stating once more that the controversy was "no British-Italian conflict, but a conflict between Italy and the League of Nations," he went on to make the perfectly astounding declaration, "No isolated action has been taken by Great Britain."

## A THREAT OF FORCE

Now, there is nothing new in a British Government making use of the Fleet for a political object—as, in the jargon of our day, an instrument of policy. It has been done more than once in the past. The outside world understood at these times quite well what was meant—not exactly an act of war, but undoubtedly a threat of force, with the whole power of England and the Empire behind it, no vain thing then, whatever it may be now. Anyhow, Italy took the concentration of the Fleet in the Mediterranean as a threat of force on the part of England, and it is difficult to understand how she could take it as anything else. She replied in kind.

Mr. Baldwin notwithstanding, that was the situation, and it was perilous enough in all conscience. Thanks to the common-sense of M. Laval and the efforts of the Ambassadors immediately concerned, and not in the slightest to Geneva, negotiations are proceeding between Paris, Rome and London, with the object of reducing the respective threats in the Mediterranean and in Libya simultaneously by replacing some British ships by French in the one and in the other by sending home to Italy a number of her regiments. The mystery of the Fleet's concentration remains; the original weak and rather ridiculous reason given, namely, Italian clamour against England, was always utterly insufficient,

## RACING

# Totalisator Reform

By David Learmonth

**W**HEN an owner has more than one horse entered in a big race and the outsider wins, there is always a demand that the two or more animals should be coupled together on the totalisator, as is the case in France. Very often it is suggested for our benefit that this concession should not be extended to horses belonging to different owners but trained in the same stable, but only to horses belonging to the same owner, even though they are trained in different stables. Others assure us that the Totalisator would lose very little money by granting such a concession.

Actually, of course, the Totalisator would not lose any money at all, as it would still continue to deduct exactly the same percentage of the total pool, and the fact that it paid out on two horses coupled instead of paying out on one horse the money it has taken on two would make no difference whatever to the profits, as the dividend on the two horses coupled would be less than would have been the case had the money been paid out on a single animal only.

Simple arithmetic will prove this. Supposing, to take an example with easy figures, the Totalisator takes a thousand pounds on a race and deducts ten per cent. from the pool, it will pay out nine hundred pounds on the winner. It makes no difference whether it pays out on one horse or on two horses coupled, it will still pay out nine hundred pounds.

## What About the Bookmakers?

It follows, therefore, that, if the public prefer it, there is no reason whatever why the Totalisator should not adopt this system, which is really only an added convenience; for, if a backer thinks that either horse belonging to an owner may win, there is nothing to stop him buying a ticket on both. Actually, of course, there are comparatively few people who do this. They prefer to stick to their fancy and then, if the unexpected happens, are full of lamentations.

Whether, however, such an innovation would commend itself to bookmakers, who would be forced to follow suit if they were to compete with the machine, is another matter. It is when such an outsider belonging to an owner with more than one horse in a race wins that they usually make money, though, of course, there is always the chance that some lucky punter may back the winner at long odds and so spoil their book. I think, on the whole, the proposed innovation would be a serious blow to bookmakers.

I, personally, do not see why it should be laid down so dogmatically that it is horses in the same ownership that should be coupled together and on no account horses in different ownership but trained in the same stable. It is true that this is the rule which has been in force in France for a great many years; but this does not necessarily make it the best one.

Actually, there seems a closer connection between horses trained by the same trainer, than between horses trained in different stables which may happen to belong to the same owner. These latter are seldom galloped together, so there is no particular reason why the owner or either of the trainers should know which of the two is the better. On the other hand, there is every reason for a trainer to know which of the horses trained by himself is most likely to win the race. It is true that he is not infallible and that in certain cases horses belonging to different owners are not formally tried; still, nothing can get away from the fact that he is in a very good position to judge.

The public certainly think so and, being of this opinion, are naturally far more exasperated when they back the wrong one from the same stable than when they select the loser from two horses in different stables that happen to belong to the same person.

## Public Must Decide

This being the case, I am not at all sure that coupling horses according to stables would be better than coupling them according to ownership. There are some who will argue that in this case three or even four horses might have to be coupled together; but this would not happen often. Also, it must be remembered that an owner has been known to run three or even more horses in the same race. The Aga Khan had three in the Derby this year and he had more entered and left in up to the final stage.

The solution would seem to be to discover what the public prefer. This might cost a little, but I have no doubt that it would be well worth while.

Other industries spend much time and money in ascertaining the requirements of potential customers and the Totalisator in these days has a very big business indeed.

So far as the bookmakers are concerned, though many people prefer betting with them, and though it is undoubtedly more fun trying to get the better of the market than buying a ticket without knowing what odds the horse will be when it starts, one cannot afford to be sentimental about them, and if an innovation on the Totalisator reduces their profits somewhat, this cannot be helped.

After all, we are more concerned with the benefits which the ultimate great success of the Totalisator is to confer on racing; and if these have been a long time in coming, the fact that something has already been paid out towards horse breeding gives us cause to go on hoping. It is, however, only by making the machine more and more popular that this excellent object can be achieved. The coupling of horses either in the same ownership or trained in the same stable would certainly help towards this end.

# A Black Recruiting Outlook

By Rupert Strong

**N**EARLY seventy per cent. of the men who wanted to enlist in the Army were, according to the annual report, rejected as unfit on account of physical, educational and other defects. Out of a total of 80,203 applicants, only 25,564 were finally passed, although vacancies existed for a considerably larger intake of recruits. These figures are alarming and demand investigation, for as Bacon said, centuries ago, "Walled towns, stored arsenals and armouries, goodly races of horse, chariots of war, elephants, ordnance, artillery and the like; all this is but a sheep in a lion's skin, except the breed and disposition of the people be stout . . ."

In order to arrive at some conclusion, I paid a visit to the recruiting headquarters in Whitehall. A guardsman on duty stamped up and down his beat outside the offices. Smart and ragged men were waiting to enlist, some lolled on the seats, others gazed at posters of soldiers in uniform. "What regiment are you trying for?" I asked one man. "I don't mind what regiment they give me—I want work; bin sleepin' on the embankment these last six nights," he replied.

The majority of applicants were unemployed. Many had come to London from distant parts of the country in search of employment, and had decided to enlist because their resources had given out; some were tired of sedentary work in city offices; others just wanted to be soldiers like their fathers or had been attracted on the spur of the moment by a spirit of adventure.

## THE PATERNAL SERGEANT

One by one we were interviewed by a sergeant who must have been chosen by the military authorities on account of his paternal bearing; it was difficult to associate him with the proverbial dragon of the parade ground. "Have you ever been convicted by the Civil Police—are you willing to be vaccinated?" he asked confidentially. Everyone passed the preliminary enquiries.

He carried on with an educational test which consisted of simple arithmetic, reading and dictation. Most of the men passed it easily enough and were subjected to compulsory baths so that they might appear before the medical officer without offence; it was useless to protest that I had already had a bath that morning. "That's an old story," said the sergeant.

The military doctor examined each man with his stethoscope, took chest measurements, tested ears and eyes, and made every individual touch his toes, jump and run. About two-thirds of the men were rejected as medically unfit—I watched them saunter dejectedly towards the street one after the other, while the fit men were led off for enlistment.

Long unemployment without doubt leads to physical deterioration and a decadence of spirit.

Men who cannot obtain work have neither the facilities for exercise nor the motive power to keep themselves fit—they gradually become unemployable, a debit to the state and a misery to themselves. It is as important to maintain "the strength of race and blood" as it is to modernise and safeguard the equipment of the three Defence Forces. How is it to be done?

Let us first consider the effects of physical training upon Army recruits. I paid a visit to the recruiting barracks of a well-known regiment, and found that roughly thirty-five men were consigned every month to a squad. There were six squads in all. The physique of the raw recruits was very much inferior to that of the men who had been through four or five month's training. Diagrams of the progress of each recruit proved that in every case the man put on weight, and increased in physical efficiency throughout the period.

## HEALTH IS WEALTH

Surely that host of unemployed men and women might be given a few shillings more than the dole for keeping themselves fit. There are sufficient parks, drill halls and play-grounds in our cities for their training. Organisation and a Government grant of a few million pounds are more urgently required for the preservation of our national physique than for anything else. Likewise, city workers should be given more facilities for sport by their employers, and made to realise that health can best be preserved in sedentary occupations by physical culture in leisure hours.

Defeatists pretend that a warlike spirit is created through teaching people to develop their bodies—another doctrine that is akin to unilateral disarmament. We must not allow them to pull wool over our eyes any longer, we who have no more at heart than the welfare of our country. Physical supremacy is as important for the safety of England as is mental supremacy for the preservation of peace.

Rome and Greece fell through the deterioration of their own peoples—every civilisation and empire of the past has fallen through the betrayal of its heritage and traditions from within. For centuries the great burden of the Britannic Empire has been carried by sailors with the blood of Vikings, soldiers sprung from warrior Normans, and merchant descendants of Phœnician and Roman traders. These builders of our Empire were men of fine physique, and we can only carry on their trust so long as our race is strong and virile.

The able-bodied unemployed must be kept fit; youth in every walk of life must be further encouraged to play games; statesmen must shoulder the responsibility of looking after the physique of the people on behalf of the common happiness and welfare of the State.



# Wild Life and the Camera

By Frances Pitt

THE camera has many uses and affords many joys, but we may doubt if it is put to many better uses or affords keener enjoyment than when it is employed to record the doings of wild creatures going about their affairs.

The growth of Nature Photography in recent years has been amazing, but even its keenest exponents will hardly be prepared for the wealth of beautiful and interesting pictures of birds and beasts now assembled at South Kensington, where in the British Museum (Natural History) an International Exhibition of Nature Photography has been organised by *Country Life*.

That photographs of creatures furred and feathered, from far and near, from the Arctic to the Tropics, are here gathered together is shown the moment one enters the Whale Hall and sees an eight foot enlargement of an Indian Tiger looking down from the wall. "Stripes" is strolling along his jungle path with bamboos arched overhead; he comes through the gloom of the night-enveloped forest and looks so large and so alive that the spectator almost expects the great beast to step down from the picture.

## NIGHT AT THE POOL

From tigers in India to curlews on a Welsh hillside is a considerable step, but there is a connecting link, namely that of flashlight and night-photography, for in the picture I am alluding to we have a flashlight study by Mr. A. Brook of a flock of curlews resting at night in a shallow pool of water.

It is a wet and dismal night; as we gaze at the birds standing there with their heads sunk between their shoulders and the raindrops making lines across the picture, we seem to be out in the wet darkness, with chill water beating against our cheeks, peering through the gloom at the ranks of the sleeping flock.

Many other striking night-time pictures which show the advances made in the use of flashlight are to be found among the 1,300 or more exhibits that hang in the Whale Hall at South Kensington, exhibits that have been gathered from far and near. We find pictures from all quarters, from Europe, from America, from Asia and Africa, from Japan, Australia, New Zealand and the Antarctic, even from "Greenland's icy mountains"!

The majority of these photographs are, of course, daylight ones, but their variety is amazing; from English hedgerow birds we turn to snapshots of big game, but the lark feeding its young in their nest in a meadow in the home counties has this in common with the portrait of an African elephant—both pictures show wild creatures going about their concerns in their own way, for this Exhibition concentrates upon wild life among its home surroundings.

There is a stately lion, a magnificent maned fellow, who is certainly at home and at ease. He lies placidly, with his forepaws placed pad to pad in front of him, in peace and dignity, though perhaps his proud pose and benign expression denotes no more than a good luncheon dealt with recently.

Many lovely zebra, elephant and giraffe studies are also to be viewed, there are many pictures of various antelopes, and outstanding photographs of moose, caribou and deer from North America.

Among the bird subjects there are likewise numerous photographs of outstanding merit. Those sent from Germany by Herr Horst Siewart cannot fail to command attention. His osprey studies are most striking, especially one that shows the osprey coming to the nest carrying a stick to add to the structure. His pictures of the common kite also call for comment, especially in view of the fact that the kite is no longer common in Great Britain, but trembling on the verge of extinction, so that we fear it will soon be lost to us, just as the osprey has been lost as a breeding species within recent years.

There is in this Exhibition a photograph of historic interest in connection with the osprey, for it shows one of the last of the Scottish nests. It is in the section devoted to examples of the work of early bird photographers and was taken by that pioneer the late Mr. Richard Kearton.

## PIONEER WORK

This section embraces work not only interesting on account of its historical associations, but of surprisingly fine quality. I say "surprisingly fine" because these pioneers were handicapped by heavy apparatus and worked under difficulties unknown to present day enthusiasts. Yet I doubt if there is any modern picture in the show more lovely than that of a peregrine falcon, by Mr. C. J. King, in which the bird is stretching itself, standing with raised wings and tail spread fanwise.

It was these early workers who paved the way for the present world-wide use of the camera in the field and the present delight in the portrayal of wild things, whether in fur or feathers. They also prepared us for the photograph that was not only an interesting record, but a thing of beauty.

The loveliness of birds is well shown in many of these pictures. An exquisite study is that by Capt. C. W. R. Knight of Sacred Ibises alighting, in which the birds with extended wings are dropping from the skies and making a wide-flung pattern across the picture while the sunlight shimmers through their semi-transparent feathers.

There was a time when we marvelled at photographs of birds at the nest; now the use of the camera has been extended far beyond the breeding season and to every month of the year. Here are photographs of waders upon the wintry shore, sanderlings like balls of foam blown along the



verge of the tide, greenshanks feeding, divers in winter plumage, widgeon and teal in the reeds, etc. Next we come to geese in flight, passing over in wedge formation, to a swan rising from the surface of the water, and to a most interesting snapshot of a swallow upon the wing.

Writing of snapshots reminds me to mention that unique high-speed shot of a field vole carrying off its little one, bearing the mite by the back of its neck and racing away; but the difficulty

with regard to this wonderful collection with its high level of interest and beauty is not what to mention, rather how to stop writing of the photographs. The only thing is to beseech the reader to go to South Kensington and view them for himself, when he will realise what the organisers of this exhibition have done in getting together such a large and unique collection of Nature pictures. The thanks of the lovers of Wild Life are due to *Country Life*.

## Eve in Paris

**A** STRONG anti-British feeling has been aroused in France by England's demand for sanctions against Italy. It is felt that any dissention among the Allies benefits only Berlin, and should such a calamity as an Anglo-Italian War take place, it would give Germany her opportunity—possibly her triumph in Europe.

Accustomed to express very freely their opinions of their own Governments and Statesmen, French journalists have scathingly denounced English policy and politicians, notably, Mr. Baldwin, Sir Samuel Hoare and Mr. Eden. They declare that the latter, arrogant and tactless, made a bad impression during his visit to Rome, antagonising the Duce, of whom he is reported here to have said later in Paris, "We will destroy Mussolini as we destroyed Napoleon."

Henri Béraud's violent article against England in *Guinguette* out-stepped, in the opinion of Sir George Clerk, the limits of permissible criticism, and the British Ambassador went in person to complain of it to M. Laval. The President of the Council, ever suave and conciliatory, expressed his regrets, and took measures to make the Press alter its tone. Nor was the anti-sanctions meeting held in the Place de la Concorde permitted to march to Rue St. Honoré and demonstrate before the British Embassy, as it had intended.

\* \* \*

**P**RESIDENT LEBRUN and Madame Lebrun were present at the Opera when a gala performance of "Samson et Dalila" was given in honour of the centenary of its composer. The brilliant audience included his widow, Madame de Saint-Saëns, who has passed her 83rd birthday. She was with M. Mario Roustan, the Minister of Education.

Enthusiastic applause rewarded an admirable performance. Georges Thill and Madame Lapeyrette, in the title rôles received an ovation and the orchestra won fresh laurels.

Following the Opera, homage was rendered to the memory of the Master, and wreaths placed upon his bust during a ceremony at which his magnificent "Marche Héroïque" was played. Later the charming Ballet, "Javotte," was given, some disappointment being felt that the choice had not fallen on "Ascanio" a work called by Reynaldo Hahn, "the supreme triumph of taste and knowledge."

**T**HE statement that Saint-Saëns was a Jew is incorrect. He came of good French stock, and was baptised at St. Sulpice. An infant prodigy, he played the piano at the age of four, performed before Louis-Philippe in his twelfth year, and became organist of St. Merry when only eighteen. In his early thirties he was already famous, and hailed by Berlioz as "one of the greatest musicians of the period."

A succession of triumphs marked his career, but he is now regarded with indifference, even disdain, by many of his compatriots who worship Richard Strauss, Igor Stravinsky, Schönberg, admiring only among French composers the colourful music of Debussy. Yet true musicians appreciate the art of Saint-Saëns. His "Symphonie avec Orgue," called by Bellaigue "most admirable of French symphonies," and his "Danse Macabre," evidence genius; and "Samson et Dalila," making wider appeal, remains a popular opera.

\* \* \*

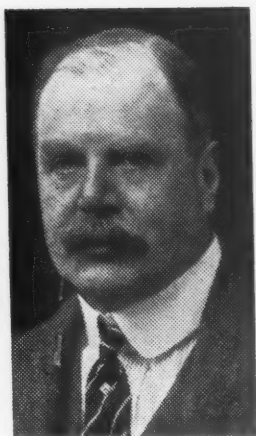
**I**T was a relief to harassed diplomats full of anxiety over the Anglo-Italian crisis, alarmed at its possible repercussion in their respective countries, to be invited by President Lebrun for a day's recreation at Rambouillet, where the shooting over famous coverts is officially reserved for him.

The chief interest of the quiet town lies in its historic associations and ancient château, where François I died and which sheltered Catherine de Medicis and Charles IX when religious warfare raged. It is here that in 1830 Charles X signed his abdication. There are gardens laid out by Lenôtre, a model sheep farm (the hobby of Louis XVI); an avenue of Louisiana Cypress unique in Europe, and the Castle contains relics of past glories.

But the President's guests were indifferent to these things; they arrived intent on sport—Sir George Clerk wearing his monocle and a red carnation, M. Chaplowski, the Polish Ambassador, the Comte de Fels, the Prince of Monaco, Ministers, Generals, high officials. After an early *déjeuner*, they started on the day's adventure; but M. Lebrun, who does not shoot but is an admirable horseman, went for a ride in the Forest, accompanied by Colonel Rupier.

*(Continued from page i of cover)*

# THE NAVY LEAGUE



Lord Derby

Rt. Hon.  
Winston Churchill

## LOST INFLUENCE

**A**DMIRAL OF THE FLEET LORD JELlicoe, who proposed "The Glorious and Immortal Memory of Nelson and his Comrades," said that since the end of the Great War the British Navy had been allowed to fall to deplorable weakness, and various treaties had tied our hands until 1936. The result was that the British Empire, the one Power which was absolutely dependent on the sea for its existence, was now to a very large extent defenceless, and had most certainly lost a great deal of its influence for good in world affairs. The voice of a powerful nation carried weight, that of a weak one did not. This fact was now apparently recognised by the Government.

Sea power meant the power to use the sea for the carriage of necessities, which, in the case of the British Empire, meant two-thirds of the food for the people of the United Kingdom, the great majority of the raw material required for manufacturing, and the whole import and export trade of the United Kingdom, the oversea Dominions, and the Colonies.

How were we situated now in this matter? It was a lamentable fact that the percentage of world tonnage possessed by the British Empire had fallen from 45.2 per cent. in 1914 to 35.1 per cent. in 1925, and to 31.8 per cent. in 1935. British shipping was indeed being driven off the seas by foreign subsidised vessels and unfair competition. The use of the sea by merchant ships during the war was only made possible by the protection afforded to them, and the fewer merchant ships that we possessed the greater was the necessity for their protection.

Lord Jellicoe gave a comparison between the strength of the Navy in the years of the Great War and the strength compared with the two next

## The EFFECT of POST-WAR REDUCTIONS

strongest navies that it would have at the end of 1936. A consideration of the figures, he said, would convince them that under present conditions the British Empire did not possess the sea power which was vital for its existence. In so far as the Navy was concerned, there was ample justification for that loss of confidence of foreign countries in our ability to carry out our obligations, which had been mentioned by members of the Government. What immediate steps were we going to take to put this matter right? The obvious necessity was that of starting to build up the Navy at once to adequate strength.

## IMMEDIATE START NEEDED

In putting before them the weakness of the Navy he did not wish them to think that he doubted its power to carry out any task that might fall to its lot in the immediate future. He was thinking of five to ten years ahead. What he had in mind was the time required and the money needed to build up all branches of the Navy to future adequate strength and to train the necessary additional officers and men for the work. He did not wish to see our officers and men of the Merchant Navy faced with the loss of life, dangers, and suffering to which they were exposed in the Great War. Nor did he wish to see again the danger of our food supplies and other necessities cut off by the sinking of our merchant ships. Our sea communications must be made absolutely secure, and an immediate start was urgently necessary.

The blame for the present weakness was shared by all post-War Governments, Conservatives and Labour alike, and it was a tragic fact that Ministers who had opposed the building programme submitted by the Admiralty when they were in power were sometimes the strongest critics of the Government when they themselves were out of office and no longer responsible.

Lord Derby, speaking on the need for building up an adequate Navy, said that it was much too dangerous for any division to exist in our ranks on such a question as the security of the country. Ships could not be built nor men raised for them in the comparatively short time in which good soldiers

# LEAGUE DINNER

could be made out of raw material. While emphasising the fact that there must be an increase in the Royal Navy programme, the only thing they could do at the present moment was to pray that it was not too late. What power had our negotiators, what power had our Ambassadors abroad, in speaking to foreign Governments, if they had not got the weight of force behind them? They wanted to see the forces of the Crown sufficient to carry out the orders of England. What was the good of barking if they were not able afterwards, if necessary, to bite? As a member of one of the sister forces, he appealed to the Navy League to do all they could to bring home to the country the necessity for keeping the Navy up to the standard to which they had always been accustomed.

(In her letter to the Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1932 Lady Houston said:—"But claw by claw and tooth by tooth, Socialist measures have been permitted by Conservatives to make the British Lion powerless to protect itself and it is now like a toothless old lap dog that can yap but cannot bite.")

## THE MEDITERRANEAN

Mr. Churchill, proposing "The Imperial Forces of the Crown," said:—"There will be general agreement with the decision of his Majesty's Government not to weaken the Fleets in the Mediterranean during this anxious time. We have exercised the command of the Mediterranean since the War of the Spanish Succession 230 years ago, and we have never admitted any question of the rights of our ships of war to come and go freely in that great inland sea.

"In some Continental countries it is believed that the exertions we are making to sustain the League of Nations, and to ensure respect for solemn international treaties, are really due to our selfish fears that Egypt, the Sudan and Palestine will be endangered by an Italian occupation of Abyssinia.

"No one with an inkling of the truths of strategy should need to be told that the safety and fortunes of these countries now under British protection depend upon our command of the Mediterranean. We are resolved to hold that command and are well able to do so, and while we retain it the position of armies sent from Europe into Africa will be found ultimately to be governed by sea power. What is happening now should be an invaluable object-lesson to the British people of the great need of maintaining our Fleet in good order and adequate strength, and, above all, the need of replacing our old ships with the latest and best types."

Criticising Mr. Lansbury's policy, Mr. Churchill said that the fact that such a view should be seriously propounded by a politician who until recently was at the head of the official Opposition,



Admiral of the Fleet  
Sir Roger Keyes



Admiral Lord Cork &  
Orrery

and might conceivably be called upon to rule their affairs, showed what dangerous times they lived in. But although Mr. Lansbury's views might excite their wonder, they need not forfeit respect. They were the visionary vaticinations of a kind-hearted old soul, who would get them into the worst of trouble from the very best of motives.

But there was another class of opinion which he must characterise in harsher terms. He meant those politicians who wished to make us intervene in every world quarrel, and plunge into the heart of the fiercest European quarrels, who were ready to use the British Fleet in tasks of the greatest difficulty and danger, and who yet, at the same time, sought to deny our sailors the proper up-to-date tools and tackle with which to do the work they were set. When he saw some of these fire-eating Left Wing politicians urging that the Fleet should be used to cut off the Italian Army in Abyssinia, and thus run the risk of an immediate war between Great Britain and Italy, and when at the same time they grudged our sailors modern ships to serve in, he could not help feeling astonished at their callous inhumanity.

To grudge sailors a modern ship was as bad as grudging the safety lamp to the miners. Mr. Lansbury asked the other day: "Why should we rebuild the Fleet?" The answer was because the Fleet, although capable at this moment of discharging any task likely to be required of it, was fast wearing out, and that unless without any further delay it was rebuilt we should not only needlessly jeopardise the lives of our sailors, but bring the British Empire clattering down in ruin.

## BELlicosE PACIFISTS

Admiral Lord Cork and Orrery, in reply, said that they would be less than human if they could refrain from a smile when they read the bellicose



resolutions being passed by bodies of persons which had been until very lately foremost in advocating the reduction of the Imperial Forces even below the weak state to which they had been allowed to decline. In the list of the names of 47 gallant men and women who—as reported in *The Times* of September 27—took upon themselves to assure M. Laval of the support of the British people in the application of the principle of resistance to any form of aggression, were some at least who played anything but a prominent part on the last occasion of this country having to resist aggression. Further, many of them had consistently urged reductions beyond those which had reduced us to such a pass as to necessitate Ministers having to tell the country that our representations in the cause of peace had not been so effective as they might have been had our defence forces not been allowed to fall to a dangerously low level. The strength of the Imperial Forces must be based on the world conditions of the moment—not upon idealistic hopes of a distant future.

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes, proposing "The Merchant Navy," said it was important to free it from the crippling handicap under which it was suffering in having to compete against the

heavily subsidised merchant ships and unfair navigation laws of other countries. It was heart-breaking to see scores of British ships lying rusting in harbour and thousands of seamen eking out an unhappy existence on shore. The statesmen who succeeded in piloting the Merchant Navy out of the stagnant doldrums and into the fair trade winds again would deserve well of the country.

Among those present were:—

Lady Cork and Orrery, Lady Jellicoe, Lady Lloyd, the Maharajah of Dewas State, Lady Lymington, Sir Henry and Lady Birchenough, Lord and Lady Plender, Sir Robert Horne, Miss Mary Runciman, Lady Prudence Jellicoe, Lady Keyes, Captain F. E. Guest, M.P., Sir Gomer and Lady Berry, Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont Pease, Mr. and Mrs. Amery, Field-Marshal Sir Archibald and Lady Montgomery-Massingberd, Admiral Sir Sydney and Lady Fremantle, Mrs. Churchill, Vice-Admiral and Mrs. P. L. H. Noble, Air Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding, Sir Edmund Davis, Miss Halford, Sir Alfred Read, Sir Edward Grigg, M.P., Sir Malcolm Campbell, Vice-Admiral and Mrs. R. G. H. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. F. Dudley Docker, Mr. Bernard Docker, Mrs. Alec-Tweedie, Sir Walter Barttelot, Admiral Sir R. M. and Lady Burmester, Sir Philip Browne, Sir Gifford Fox, Lady Constance Milnes-Gaskell, Colonel John Gretton, M.P., Admiral Sir H. L. Heath, Rear-Admiral Sir Edward Inglefield, Sir Percival Marling, V.C., Sir James Parr, and Admiral Sir Richard Phillimore.

## The Taming of a Rebel

By Dan Russell

**F**ETLOCK deep in the rich grass of the paddock stood a horse, such a horse as one might not see in many a long day's march. He was black in colour, but upon his forehead he wore a three-pointed star of white. Over seventeen hands high, with a barrel and haunches which bespoke enormous power, his head and neck fined down to the most delicate lines of dainty breed. The legs were shortish, the knees flat and clean and the hocks were big and well let-down. He was a sight to thrill the heart of every horseman. But his eye betrayed him; round the brown iris was a ring of white, that sure sign of vice and hostility to man.

Suddenly he raised his head and snorted, and as he did so the white in his eye grew more pronounced. Two men were looking at him from over the fence. The black horse blew through his nostrils and pawed the ground.

"Here he is," said the older man, "and I wish you luck of him. He's nearly killed three men and he's no good to me. I daren't keep him. He'll never be tamed; much better send him to the kennels."

The young man smiled. "No," he replied. "He's too good for that. There's only one way to break him and that, kill or cure. It's no good gentling him. I'll try my luck."

He waved his hand and three grooms approached with ropes and gear. Warily they ventured into the paddock. The black horse

tossed his head and snorted, but he allowed them to approach, although he watched them suspiciously from the corner of his eye.

Suddenly one of the grooms cast his noosed rope. It settled round the horse's neck. At the touch he screamed and reared as though it had been a hot iron. But another rope fell around his neck and held him. Plunging and rearing he tried to break away, but the men held on. Slowly they edged nearer to him until at last they had him. Then a coat was slipped over his head and he stood trembling.

Very cautiously a saddle was placed on his back and the girths tightened; then the bit was slipped in his mouth and the bridle adjusted beneath the enveloping coat. He stood stock-still save for the incessant trembling of his muscles.

The young man walked up and inspected the straps and buckles with care, then . . . "Ready," he said, and swung himself into the saddle. As he did so the coat was whipped from the horse's head and the ropes were cast off.

The black horse went mad. Squealing with fury he plunged and bucked in a frantic effort to dislodge his rider; but the man sat cool and still, his legs like two bands of steel welded on to the ribs of the furious devil beneath him.

To right and left plunged the great horse, his wicked head now between his forefeet and now upreared eight feet in the air, with scarlet nostrils and maddened glowing eyes. But the man on his



back clung like a leech, swaying reed-like to every movement. From the waist down he was rigid, his legs clamped like bars of iron to the barrel of the horse, but from the waist up he was pliant and supple. With every bound he brought down his short heavy whip with a cruel slash upon the heaving flanks.

But as the wild horse champed upon the galling bit there rose in his untamed heart an even wilder fury. A terrible resolve to dislodge this daring and presumptuous rider, even if it meant destruction to himself. He bounded into the air with arched back and alighted on four stiff-set legs. Then like a thunderbolt he charged at the eight foot stone wall at the end of the field.

The man saw the danger and shifted both hands to the left rein. His body was curved like a bow as he pulled at the maddened beast. The horse stiffened his neck to the strain. Nearer and nearer came the wall and fiercer and fiercer became the pressure on the steel bit. Slowly the black head came round and slowly he wheeled until he was once more facing the open paddock. For the moment disaster was averted. But the battle was not yet done.

Maniacal fury surged in the horse's heart at the failure of his attempt. His spirit rose high at the friction of the unaccustomed bit. He turned with a rush and one leap carried him over the five foot wooden gate. The man sat calm and motionless upon his back.

They were in the open meadow now and in front of them gleamed a stream twenty feet wide. The black horse gathered his hocks under him and launched forward. He cleared the stream with five good feet to spare. On, on he went like a hunted stag.

Before them lay a rolling expanse of downland, dark with heather, swelling and billowing up to the dim line of the horizon. Above was a clear sky of blue with a reddened sun sinking towards the low line of the hills.

Through the deep heather the black horse flew, his heart bursting with fury at the indignities to which he had been subjected.

And still, do what he would, the man clung fast to his foam-flecked sides, motionless and quiet but inexorable as fate upon his purpose.

On, on he flew, flinging the miles behind him, over the ridge of hills and over the vale below.

And here, struggling up the further hillside, the black horse first felt that the pace was telling. His lungs were bursting and his legs were tired. He slackened his pace. And then came the crowning indignity. Two spurs of steel sank into either flank. He bounded into the air and dashed on at the same furious pace.

And then he felt the bit pressing against his mouth. No longer was he to be allowed to choose his directions. Wearily he turned in obedience to the unspoken command.

On he flew and on. But now his limbs trembled beneath him and a red mist floated before his eyes. He was blind and giddy with fatigue. All he wanted was a long, long rest; but still the man urged him forward with spurs and whip.

The end came suddenly. Without warning he collapsed like a pole-axed bullock, his legs gave way beneath him and he fell upon the heather. The man sailed over his shoulder and fell six feet beyond.

But the man recovered first and kneeling by the heaving horse he stroked the foam-flecked head with gentle hands. A red eye rolled up at him. But it was a glance of homage not of hatred, a petition not a threat, it was the submission of a chivalrous foe to a chivalrous victor.

"It's all right, old fellow," the man whispered. "It was hard but it had to be done and you're my horse now. We're friends, aren't we?"

The big horse whinnied and thrust his reeking muzzle against the man's shoulder. The fight was over.

The black horse staggered to his feet. The man stroked him again and whispered to him. Then together, man and horse turned and set off through the gathering dusk. The man's hand rested on the sweat-stained neck, and the big black horse walked docilely beside the master who was also his friend. The rebel had been tamed.

## The First Prince of Kent

By F. L. de Baughn

THE new Royal baby earned a distinction as soon as his birth was an accomplished fact.

He is the first male heir ever to have been born to a Duke of Kent.

There have been but three Dukes of Kent. The most famous of them was the second—the Duke of Kent whose daughter became England's Monarch before she reached the age of twenty.

This Duke of Kent was the fourth son of King George III—Prince Edward. He was created Duke of Kent in 1797. Queen Victoria was his only child.

The first Duke of Kent in history was a member of the ancient Grey family whose history went back more than four hundred years.

For centuries their principal family title lay in the Earldom of Kent. Then, early in the eighteenth century, the then Earl of Kent was made Duke of Kent.

Within a few years the ancient direct line died out.

The Earldom was revived more than 120 years later when Queen Victoria bestowed it as the second title of her second son, Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh. He, however, died without heir and the Earldom again became extinct at his death in 1900.

The Earldom of Kent has not since been revived. The Dukedom was allowed to languish from the year of the death of Queen Victoria's father until last year when the King bestowed it upon Prince George, his youngest son.

Owing to pressure on space, the concluding instalment of "Warren Hastings," the dramatic play by Hamish Blair and Helen White, is unavoidably held over.



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## New Books I can Recommend

BY THE LITERARY CRITIC

**I**T was given to few of our war commanders to inspire in the troops they commanded the affection and respect that the Second Army had for their leader, the late Field Marshal Viscount Plumer.

It was his obvious sincerity, his sturdy commonsense, his own thoroughness and the true sportsmanship which made him adopt as his motto in his military and public life the words "Be Fair" that gained for him the unshaken confidence of those above, around and under him.

His epitaph on the Eton Memorial fittingly sums up his whole career:—

"Throughout his life, in peace and in war, he was distinguished and beloved."

It was fitting, too, that the official story of his life and work should have been entrusted to an eminent soldier who served under him in France and who learnt through daily contact with him to appreciate the noble simplicity that was the greatness of Plumer's character ("Plumer of Messines," by General Sir Charles Harington, with eight illustrations and three maps, Murray, 12s. 6d.).

General Harington, in his book, reveals for the first time how Plumer came to leave the Army Council, accepting an unpleasant decision characteristically without a word of complaint to anyone.

### The Passchendaele Operations

He also sets out all the facts of the Passchendaele Campaign of 1917 "exactly as the problem appeared to Lord Plumer at the time," refraining from entering into any controversy on the subject beyond saying that

"Unlike many post-war critics, Plumer did not know what was the other side of the hill, although our information turned out subsequently to have been amazingly correct."

"I studied the ground in front of Passchendaele. I have studied it since both from where our line was on October 4th and from the Passchendaele-Staden Ridge. I still ask the critics to state where our advanced troops could have spent the winter of 1917. In theory, anywhere. In practice, nowhere. It is a fearful responsibility to have been the one who signed and issued all the Second Army orders for those operations. All I can truthfully say is we did our utmost. We could not have done more. History must give its verdict."

### A Russian Novel

Messrs. Putnam, having had the full reward of their enterprise in offering an English translation of Mikhail Sholokhov's great Cossack epic "And Quiet Flows the Don," have now brought out the same writer's sequel to that book "Virgin Soil Upturned."

This is the story of the attempt to "collectivise" the Don Cossacks, and here again the artist in Sholokhov triumphs over the Soviet propagandist, for not only are we presented with a wonderfully sympathetic picture of the Cossacks' love for their land and their fierce determination to acquire it for themselves, but the absurdities of the whole Soviet mechanising system and the stupidities of its officials are relentlessly exposed with an audacity that is almost incredible.

### Children's Books

**"THE Princess Elizabeth Gift Book"** (edited by Lady Cynthia Asquith and Eileen Bigland, Hodder & Stoughton, 5s.), is being sold in aid of the Princess Elizabeth Hospital for Children; and as it is made up of contributions from famous writers such as Rudyard Kipling, J. M. Barrie, Walter de la Mare, John Drinkwater, Algernon Blackwood and Hugh Walpole, and is profusely and charmingly illustrated by well-known artists, it is a truly magnificent production for the money.

The contents of the book, too, have been so arranged that the taste of all ages of children are provided for in the one volume. And one feature should please all possessors of the book: the coloured reproduction, both on wrapper and as frontispiece, of Philip de Laszlo's delightful portrait of Princess Elizabeth.

### Annuals

Among the earliest annuals and similar books to be published are five from Messrs. Hutchinson. These are:

"The Children's Hour Annual" (edited by "Uncle Mac" of the B.B.C., illustrated, 6s.). An excellent selection of articles, stories and plays from the B.B.C. "Children's Hour."

"Hutchinson's Boys' Annual" and "Hutchinson's Girls' Annual" (both illustrated, 3s. 6d. each). These contain some long and many short stories suitable for ages from ten to fourteen.

"Hutchinson's Children's Annual" (illustrated, 2s. 6d.). For children six to eight; stories, verses and puzzles.

"All the Year Round Stories," by Nancy and Leonard

R. Gribble (3s. 6d., illustrated by John Harris). Twelve stories, one for each month, for ages nine to eleven.

Two books with an educational purpose will appeal to parents and their children alike. The one "Peter and Veronica Growing Up," by Margaret Beech (Herbert Jenkins, 2s. 6d.) discusses, in story form, many of Nature's problems and is intended for adolescent children, while the other "Joc and Colette at the Natural History Museum," by Vera Barclay (illustrated by Johanna Duby, Burns Oates, 3s. 6d.), is meant for slightly younger children.

### Fairy Stories

Messrs Cobden Sanderson are to be congratulated on a wonderfully attractive edition of Hans Anderson's Fairy Tales and Legends, at the cheap price of 7s. 6d. The illustrations are by Rex Whistler.

Another collection of fairy stories is "Beyond the Blue Mountains" by a Scandinavian writer, Ebba L. Hoffman (with 7 colour and 18 black and white illustrations by H. Artelius, Hutchinson, 3s. 6d.). This collection has already attained an international reputation, having been translated into several European languages.

John Masefield's "The Box of Delights" (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.) is part fairy story, part fantastic dream—a Masefield mixture of Hans Anderson and Lewis Carroll.

### Adventures and Other Tales

Rattling good adventure stories for older boys are "The Mystery of C.2 Casemate," by "Sea-Wrack" (Hutchinson, 3s. 6d.), and L. A. G. Strong's "Mr. Sheridan's Umbrella" (Nelson, 3s. 6d.).



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THE ONLY *Matured* DRY GIN

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THROUGH THREE CENTURIES  
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## CORRESPONDENCE

## Lady Houston's True Patriotism

DEAR MADAM,

You and Mr. Garvin are rendering the truest patriotic service in your endeavour to enlighten the criminally misled British public and rouse it to a sense of its danger, before it is too late.

May I quote the words of an Italian friend, in a letter just received, replying to expressions of sympathy from myself, and thanking me for the copies of the *Saturday Review* which I have sent him? They show a realisation of what lies behind, so carefully hidden by our powers-that-be.

My correspondent is a doctor whose great services in the War were recognised by his King, by the bestowal of a title, a man of long and wide experience.

He says "I have deeply appreciated your feelings of sympathy for my dear country, and I thank you and your husband for having so spontaneously expressed them.

"Letters like yours are pouring into Italy, from many British men and women of high mind and clear intelligence, who appreciate our just cause, and have not bent their necks under the impositions of the Communists.

"Several such letters have been published in our Press, and have gone home to our hearts.

"Our Nation is more than ever united, as *one man*, around our beloved Duce, and we feel sure, that under his *wise* and *firm* leadership, our cause will triumph and our just aspirations will be realised in spite of the opposition of our enemies and antagonists who are shamefully manœuvring under the mask of the League of Nations. Viva l'Italia! Viva il nostro Duce. Viva il nostro Rè."

It is not surprising that our Prime Minister, whose judgment of men is so faulty as almost to amount to a genius for fitting square pegs into round holes, should be blind to the manœuvres referred to; but if England is not to be dominated by a veiled Socialist dictatorship, masquerading as "National," we must resist this leadership, behind which is so clearly discernible the sinister influence of the man who was accounted one of their chief assets during the War by the Germans, and who bade us "follow Russia."

Italy was snatched from the jaws of Socialist and Communist destruction by the fearless devotion of one man, who has brought to the surface and developed all that is best in that gifted race, while we Conservatives are being dragooned by the threat of naked Socialism into accepting Socialist principles and practices by degrees.

The true policy for Britain is defence forces in proportion to her world-wide responsibilities, and a firm alliance with France, Italy, and Japan; thus only will peace, the supreme interest of this country, be assured.

You are following in the steps of Lord Roberts that British Bayard "*sans peur et sans reproche*," may Providence grant that your efforts may meet with more success. *The Vicarage, Great Wymondley, Hitchin, Herts.*

AGNES M. THOMAS.

## Sir Samuel, M.D.

SIR,—Sir S. Hoare sees himself a wise doctor diagnosing other nations' maladies. I see him, and the Government as sick men in need of diagnosis themselves—unhealthy life, bad diet, varied intoxication, chronic indigestion, incapacity for study or action, bad vision.

The fatal point, in the Abyssinian question, is when Abyssinia complained of Italian approach, and Britain gave the slave traders a pat on the back instead of saying outright: "Stop your rotten ways and obey the rules, otherwise we approve the Italian approach as we did in 1895." The fatal point in India was when, at the aspiring politicians' requests for independence, we squirmed and crooned and kow-towed, instead of saying "Stop your rotten ways, or we hold on much tighter than before."

Now the voter is to choose between rival gangs which abet usury, slave trading and Thuggi.  
24, Longton Avenue, S.E.21. O. C. G. HAYTER.

## Take a Vote

SIR,—Since it is clear that as long as England is a member of the League of Nations no Party can refuse to support it, I suggest that the voters should ask for a debate on the question and a free vote in the House of Commons.

As England's membership of the League was brought about by a coalition of Party leaders on both sides, the electorate has never had the opportunity of voting on it, and we are now justified in approaching the Government on this issue and making it a condition of our support.

In any case it would show the real nature of the great constitutional change which we are being driven to accept and remove the deluge of propaganda by means of which the real issue has been obscured.

7, Grosvenor Place, Bath.

M. E. HILL.

## Christianity and the League

SIR,—Last week certain Church Leaders telegraphed to Mr. A. Eden at Geneva that they "believed that the League of Nations affords the best available means of applying the principles of the Gospel of Christ in the international sphere."

I have read many reports of League of Nations proceedings and cannot remember Christianity being called in aid as an argument. There is no mention of Christianity in the League Constitution and it is more than likely that had a representative in the Assembly advocated the application of the principles of the Gospel of Christ with Litvinoff in the chair he would have been ruled out of order.

Many ministers of the Christian religion in Great Britain support the League of Nations Union from religious motives in their parishes. One is compelled to ask for definite evidence as to how far and to what extent the League of Nations is or can be influenced by the principles of the Gospel of Christ?  
INQUIRER.

## Religious Persecution in Russia

SIR—M. Radek, writing in a recent issue of the Moscow *Isvestia*, says:—"Between the Soviet Union and Britain there are not now any conflicts hindering rapprochement." He goes on to plead for closer co-operation in World affairs between the two nations.

Is there no way of convincing the Soviet rulers that an impassable gulf must continue to exist between the English speaking countries and the U.S.S.R. whilst the ruthless extermination of religion remains one of the principal objects of Soviet internal policy?

The Godless campaign continues throughout Russia and reliable evidence to this effect is widespread. M. Yaroslavsky, a leading Moscow official and publicist, stated recently that "The aim of a Communist State is to wipe out not only all organised religion, but the very impulse to religion."

Feeling on this subject over here is far stronger than appears on the surface; for Englishmen are rarely articulate in matters concerning their deepest convictions. Until the Soviet rulers give back to the Russian people their spiritual and social freedom no close or friendly co-operation with Great Britain and America can be possible. Suppression of individual freedom of conscience by the State invariably leads to disaster sooner or later. History records no exception to this law.

Let us hope that this truth will be realised soon, not only in the U.S.S.R., but elsewhere in Europe as well.

20, St. James's Square,  
London, S.W.1.

W. TUDOR POLE.

## CORRESPONDENCE

## Our Bolshevik School Teachers

SIR,—Will you give the matter which follows serious consideration, and place it before Lady Houston, who has the power to stir this nation to action on a vital matter?

It has been common knowledge for years amongst those interested in education that the Elementary Schools of the country are used to foster Communism. The writer is a qualified schoolmistress, who, before going into business was for a year or two first assistant in a Council School in the outer London area. This was just after the War, and even then there were two members of the staff who used every lesson they could adapt to advocate the disintegration of the British Empire and to inculcate Communism. Every year the rot spreads and we see people who should know better doing it openly. An Inspector in the recent case of the schoolgirl's essay openly made the remark about "Old-fashioned Imperialism." Sir Norman Angell, in an article in "The Teacher's World" a few months ago, indicates that certain subjects could be used for teaching a particular kind of citizenship *without disturbing the school curriculum*. There are other lurid examples.

An opportunity occurs now which may never come our way again of driving a wedge deep into the Proletariat and cutting off an enormous section which has been driven into the Socialist and Labour fraternity because there was nowhere else for them to go. If action is taken now during the ensuing months they will be shepherded away and a great danger knocked on the head before the enemy realises what is going on. It would indeed be a victory.

The remedy lies in an immediate agitation for Church Schools throughout the country. The movement has already gained tremendous force in the North, particularly in Lancashire, and would sweep the country like a prairie fire. There are one or two drawbacks—one is the tendency of the Archbishop of Canterbury to hang on to the coat-tails of the Labour Party; but he could easily be circumvented, as he dare not come out into the open with any argument against Church Schools.

The line on which action should be taken is the establishment of *Secondary Church Schools* throughout the country. There is a crying need for these schools. I have spoken to hundreds of the lesser shop-keeping class and better-off artisans who are very bitter about the fact that, although they are willing to pay something towards the cost, their children cannot obtain any Secondary education, as they cannot get into the existing Secondary Schools for want of places. They cannot afford to send them to schools which are privately owned, whose fees are beyond them, but would do anything to help in the establishment of Church Grammar Schools *assisted by Government grants* where fees which they could pay would be charged and no highly competitive entrance examination encountered.

The establishment of these Church Secondary Schools would lift an enormous burden from the taxpayer as the income from fees, however modest, would be large.

It would drive a wedge clean through between the rabid Socialist families, who are usually the scum of the earth, and lesser professionals like clerks, small shopkeepers, technicians, and better-off artisans who have been herded into this camp because there was no other place for them. They would rejoice to have a place in the sun and schools to which *their* children could be sent and *paid for*, however small the fees. This scheme would save the country. It would stop the Communist rot in a large section of the community, as, although an occasional Church teacher might see "red," he or she could be dealt with. In ordinary Council Schools nothing can be done.

61, West Street,  
Harrow-on-the-Hill.

MARGARET SCOTT.

## Our Masquerading Conservative Leader

SIR,—Can you inform me as to who Mr. Stanley Baldwin was before his sudden rise to fame in 1922, as the newly elected Leader of the Conservative Party? Also, why was he selected to fill that vitally important position? Surely there must have been others infinitely more suitable?

There was a time when the Conservative Party was Britain's unfailing safeguard against socialistic heresy. To-day it is neither Conservative nor a party, but is a hotch-potch of every sort and description of political jackal.

Until the Tory Party is thoroughly purged of its present anti-patriotic, secretly socialistic leaders, whose public utterances are invariably those of jesuitical hypocrites and charlatans, it can never be anything else than a standing menace to Great Britain and her Empire and a pitiful travesty of its once glorious self.

Let us make a start at reforming it by sacking its chief masquerader "dear Mr. Baldwin!"

Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road,  
Kensington, S.W.7.

L. GRAHAM SCOTT.

## A Film Inaccuracy

SIR,—In reply to Miss Winifred Roberts's query about the film "The Iron Duke," there is no historical authority for saying that Wellington actually made efforts to save Marshall Ney.

It is, however, more than probable that he commented afterwards on the utter stupidity of executing him. It is, of course, well known that this act proved a fatal mistake.

Surbiton.

J. G. MATTHEWS.

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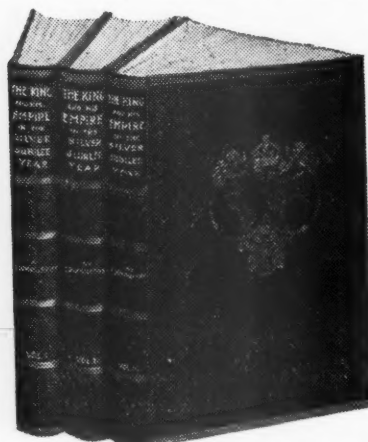
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## MOTORING

### THE HUNDRED POUND CAR

BY SEFTON CUMMINGS

WITH reports from the motor show of increased firm orders from dealers all round comes the news that the hundred pound car has arrived. This car was sold last year at £115 and was originally announced this year at £110. It has already proved its worth as one of the most reliable light cars on the market and one requiring the minimum of attention; so, at this very low and convenient round figure, the sale should be very large indeed.

It may sound like blowing our own trumpet, but it is impossible to survey the motor industry as a whole to-day without a feeling of pride, for if its condition and prospects are a true reflection of the prosperity of the country—as they must be—then we have made a most remarkable recovery since the depression.

In fact, although there are black spots, it must be a matter for wonder to many observant foreigners when they see how surprisingly well off the people of England are.

### An Example to Follow

With the advent of the hundred pound car the numbers of English motorists is likely to be increased to an even greater proportion of the population. The figure has for long been recognised as a big selling one if only it could be reached, while providing at the same time a really satisfactory job. Now that one firm has led the way others will naturally follow suit, and a revolution in the light car business may be expected.

During the past two or three years the tendency has been to maintain prices but to give more for the same money. I have not yet tested the new hundred pound model, so I cannot say whether it provides more for less money. From all accounts, however, it at least provides as much as before for less money. We may look, therefore, for a fall in prices so far as the cheaper models are concerned. This will be very welcome news to a lot of people to whom a car would be a convenience purely as a means of transport but who have not felt justified in buying a new one at existing prices and who, with some justification, have distrusted second hand machines.

The motor show has never expected a large number of private orders. Private motorists, on the whole, look over the various exhibits at Olympia and buy later from agents after they have had time for reflection; yet it is another good sign that the private orders this year are already far in advance of those last year. This, as was predicted, applies to the higher powered cars as well as the smaller ones. In fact, the demand for high and medium powered cars is stronger than it has ever been. Export orders also show an increase and the total orders of one famous firm are already one hundred per cent. more than they were at the same period last year. Indeed the industry seems in for a bumper season.



# The "SATURDAY REVIEW" REGISTER OF SELECTED HOTELS LICENSED

**ABERFELDY**, Perthshire. — Station Hotel. Rec., 2. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowling.

**ALEXANDRIA**, Dumbartonshire. — Albert Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2s. 6d. Din. 3s. 6d. Fishing, Loch Lomond.

**AVIEMORE**, Inverness-shire. — Aviemore Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns. to 10 gns. Golf, Private. Fishing, shooting, riding, tennis.

**AYLESBURY**. — Bull's Head Hotel. Market Square. Bed., 24; Rec., 4. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., £2/7/6. Garden, golf, tennis, bowls, fishing.

**BAMBURGH**, NORTHUMBERLAND. — Victoria Hotel. Rec., 3. Pens., 6 gns. Tennis, golf, shooting, fishing.

**BELFAST**. — Kensington Hotel. Bed., 76; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon., 27/6. Golf, 10 mins., 2/6.

**BLACKPOOL**. — Grand Hotel. H. & C. Fully licensed. Billiards. Very moderate.

**BOURNE END**, Bucks. — The Spade Cak Hotel. Bed., 20. Rec., 4 and bar. Pens., 5 to 7 gns. Tennis, golf, bathing.

**BOWNESS-ON-WINDERMERE**. — Rigg's Crown Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. to 7 gns. Golf, 1½ miles. Yachting, fishing.

**BRACKNELL**, Berkshire. — Station Hotel. Bed., 7; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ to 4 gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 2 gns. Golf, riding.

**BRIGHTON**, Sussex. — Sixty-six Hotel. Bed., 33; Rec., 5. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E. from 32/6. Golf, 9 courses in vicinity. Tennis, bathing, boating, polo, hunting.

**BROADSTAIRS**, Kent. — Grand Hotel. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Din., 6/6. Golf, tennis, bathing, dancing.

**BURFORD**, OXON. — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. to 5 gns. W.E., 15/- per day. Golf, trout fishing, riding, hunting.

**BURY ST. EDMUNDS**, Suffolk. — Angel Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 2. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., 2 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/6. Golf, fishing, racing.

**BUTTERMERE**, via Cockermouth. — Victoria Golf Hotel. Bed., 37; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13/6 and 15/- per day. Golf, own private links. Fishing, boating.

**CALLENDER**, Perthshire. — Trossachs Hotel. Trossachs. Bed., 60. Pens., fr. 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/-; Golf, fishing, tennis.

**CAMBRIDGE**. — Garden House Hotel, nr. Pembroke College. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 17/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles; boating, tennis.

**CARDIFF**. — Park Hotel, Park Place. Bed., 115; Rec., 4. Pens., 7 gns. W.E. (Sat. Lun. to Mon. Brkfst.), 37/6. Golf.

**CLOVELLY**. — New Inn, High Street. — Bed., 30; Rec., 1. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. Golf, fishing, sea bathing.

**CLYNDERWEN**. — Castle Hotel, Maer-cloche. Pens., £2 10/- Lun., 1/6; Din., 2/6. Golf, 12 miles away.

**COMRIE**, Perthshire. — Ancaster Arms Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 3. Pens., £3 10/- W.E., 12/- per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowls.

**CONISTON**, ENGLISH LAKES. — The Waterhead Hotel. Pens., from £5 10/- Golf, boating, putting green, tennis.

**DOWDERRY**, CORNWALL. — Sea View. Bed., 9. Annex 5. Pens., from 3½ gns. W.E., from 35/-; Golf, fishing, tennis.

**DUIVERTON**, Som. (border of Devon). — Lion Hotel. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles. Fishing, riding, hunting, tennis.

**DUNDEE**. — The Royal British Hotel is the best. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Restaurant. Managed by Prop. Phone: 6095.

**ELY**, Cambs. — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 20, Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £2/16/- Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/-; Boating.

**FALMOUTH**, Cornwall. — The Manor House, Hotel, Budock Veau. Bed., 46; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. to 8 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, tennis.

**GLASGOW**, W.2. — Belhaven Hotel, 22 to 23, Belhaven Terrace. Bed., 66; Rec., 6. Pens., from £3 5/- Lun., 3/-; Din., 5/-; Tennis, golf.

**GLASGOW**, C.2. — Grand Hotel, 560, Sauchiehall St., Charing Cross. Bed., 110. Pens., 6 gns.; W.E., 18/6 per day. Tennis courts adjacent. Golf, 1/- per round.

**GREAT MALVERN**, Worcestershire. — Royal Foley Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; W.E., 15/- to 17/6 day. Golf, putting green.

**GULLANE**, East Lothian. — Bisset's Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 16/- per day. Tennis courts. Golf, swimming, riding, bowling.

**HAMILTON**, Lanarkshire, Scotland. — Royal Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., 25/-; Golf, tennis, bowls. Tel. 164. Geo. Dodd, proprietor.

**HASLEMERE**, Surrey. — Georgian Hotel. Bed., 28; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns.; W.E., 35/- to 47/6. Tennis, golf.

**HERNE BAY**. — Miramar Hotel, Beltinge. Bed., 27; Rec., 3. Pens., from 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/-; Golf, bowls, tennis, bathing.

**ILFRACOMBE**, Devon. — Mount Hotel. Pens., from 3 gns. to 5 gns. Overlooking sea. All bedrooms with H. & C. Many with private bathrooms. Tennis.

**ROYAL CLARENCE** Hotel, High Street. Bed., 60; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13/6 per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating, bathing.

**INVERARY**. — Argyll Arms Hotel. Bed., 23. Pens., 6 gns. W.E. 18/- per day Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/-; Golf, fishing, tennis.

**KESWICK**, English Lakes. — The Keswick Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns.; 6 gns. season. W.E. fr. 15/- per day. Golf, tennis, boating, bowls, fishing.

**KIBWORTH**. — The Rose and Crown. Kibworth, near Leicester. A.A., R.A.C. and B.F.S.S. appointed.

**LANGOLLEN**. — Grapes Hotel. Stay here for Comfort. Fishing, golf. H. & C.

**LANWRTYD WELLS**, Central Wales. — Dol-y-Coed Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 4. Pens., winter 24 7/6; sum. £4 15/- W.E., 30/-; Golf, own course. Fishing, tennis.

**LOCH AWE**, Argyll. — Loch Awe Hotel. Phone: Dalmailly 6. Bed., 70; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 to 8 gns. acc. to season. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating.

**LONDON**. — Barkston House Hotel, 1, Barkston Gardens, S.W.5. Tel.; Fro. 2259. Pens., 2½ to 3 gns.

**GORE** Hotel, 189, Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Bed., 36; Rec., 2 and cocktail bar. Pens., from 3½ gns. Tennis.

**GUILDFORD HOUSE HOTEL**, 56/7, Guildford Street, W.C.1.—T. Terr. 5530. Rec., 1. Pens., £2 10/-; Bridge.

**HOTEL STRATHCONA**, 25 & 26, Lancaster Gate, W.2. Bed., 36; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns. to 4½ gns. Table tennis.

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**LOSSIEMOUTH**, Morayshire. — Stotfield Hotel. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. to £6 18/6. W.E., 36/- to 45/-; Golf, fishing, bowling, tennis.

**LYNMOUTH**, N. Devon. — Bevan's Lyn Hotel. Bed., 48. Pens., from 4 to 6 gns. W.E., 26/-; Lun., 3/6 and 4/-; Din., 5/6. Golf, hunting, fishing, tennis, dancing.

**MORTEHOE**, N. Devon. — Chichester Arms Hotel. Bed., 6; Rec., 2. Pens., £2 10/- W.E., £1 7/-; Golf, bathing.

**NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE**. — Central-Exchange Hotel, Grey Street. Bed., 70; Rec., 9. Pens., £4. W.E., 36/-; Golf, fishing, bathing.

**OTTERBURN HALL** Hotel. — Bed., 44; Rec., 3; Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from 45/-; 5 hard courts. Golf on estate. Fishing.

**NEWTON STEWART**, Wigtownshire. — Galloway Arms Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/- to £4. Golf, fishing, bathing, bowling, tennis.

**NITON**, Nr. Ventnor, I.O.W. — Niton-Undercliff Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 4. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from £2 5/-; Golf, bathing, fishing, tennis.

**OCKHAM**, Surrey. — The Hautboy Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Tea, 1/9; Din., 6/-; Golf.

**PADSTOW**, Cornwall. — Commercial Hotel. Good fishing, good golf, rocks. Tel.; "Cookson," Padstow.

**PAIGNTON**, DEVON. — Radcliffe Hotel, Marine Drive. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., from 4 gns., from 5 to 7 gns. during season. W.E., 15/- to 18/- per day. Golf, tennis.

**PERTH**, Scotland. — Station Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4; Pens., from 4 gns.; W.E., from 24/-; Lunch, 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Dinner, 6/-; Garden. Golf, 3 courses within 6 mins.

**PETERBOROUGH**. — Saracen's Head Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ gns. W.E., 30/-; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, boating, horse-riding.

**PLYMOUTH**, Devon. — Central Hotel. Bed., 40; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Golf, tennis, bowls, sea and river fishing.

**PORTPATRICK**, WIGTOWNSHIRE. — Portpatrick Hotel. Bed., 65. Pens., from £3 weekly. Golf, boating, bathing, tennis.

**RICHMOND**, Surrey. — Star & Garter Hotel. — England's historic, exquisite, romantic, social centre and Rendezvous.

**RIPON**, Yorks. — Unicorn Hotel, Market Place. Bed., 22. Pens., £4 7/6. W.E., 35/-; Golf, fishing, bowls, tennis, dancing.

**ROSS-ON-WYE**. — Chase Hotel. Bed. 28; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns.; W.E., 37/6; Lunch, 2/6; Dinner, 4/-; Golf, fishing, tennis, bowls.

**SALISBURY**, Wilts. — Cathedral Hotel. Up-to-date. H. & C. and radiators in bedrooms. Electric lift. Phone: 399.

**SALOP**. — Talbot Hotel, Cleobury Mortimer. Bed., 7; Rec., 1. Pens., 84/-; Lun., 3/- and 3/6. Golf, Forderminster.

**SCARBOROUGH**, YORKS. — Castle Hotel. Queen street. Bed., 38. Pens., £3 12/6. W.E., 21/-; Golf, cricket, bowls, bathing.

**THE RAVEN HALL** Hotel, Ravenscar. Bed., 56; Rec., 5. Din., 6/-; Golf, bowls, swimming, billiards, tennis, dancing.

**SIDMOUTH**. — Belmont Hotel. Sea Front. Bed., 55; Rec., 3. Pens., 6½ to 8 gns. W.E., inclusive 3 days. Bathing, tennis, golf.

**SOUTH Uist**, Outer Hebrides. — Lochboisdale Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 7; Pens., 4 gns. Golf, 5 miles, free to hotel guests. Fishing, shooting, bathing, sailing.

**STOKE-ON-TRENT**. — Victoria Hotel, Victoria Square, Hanley. Bed., 16; Rec., 1. Pens., £3 6/-; Lun., 2/-; Din., 3/6. Sup., acc. to requirements. Dn. Golf, tennis.

**STOCKBRIDGE**, HANTS. — Grosvenor Hotel. Phone: Stockbridge 9. Bed., 14; Rec., 1. Bed and breakfast, 8s. 6d., double, 14s. Golf, Trout fishing.

**STRANRAER**, Wigtownshire. — Buck's Head Hotel, Hanover Street. Bed., 18; Pens., £3 10s. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, tennis, fishing, swimming.

**TEIGNMOUTH**, Devon. — Beach Hotel H.R.A. Promenade. Excellent position. Moderate inclusive terms. Write for tariff.

**TREWESBURY**, Glos. — Royal Hop Pole Hotel. Bed., 45; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 to 6½ gns. Winter, 3 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, bowls, cricket, hockey.

**TORQUAY**. — The Grand Hotel, Bed., 200; Rec., 3. Tennis courts; golf, Stoves G.C. (free). Hunting, squash court, miniature putting course.

**PALM COURT** Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 65; Rec., 6; Pens., fr. 5 to 7 gns.; winter, 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/-; Tennis, Golf, bowls, yachting, fishing.

**TYNDRUM**, Perthshire. — Royal Hotel. Bed., 30; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 5/-; Sup., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, shooting.

**VIRGINIA WATER**, Surrey. — Glenridge Hotel. Bed., 18; Rec., 3 and bar. Pens., £4 15/6. W.E., £1 17/6. Golf, Wentworth and Sunningdale, 5/-.

**WALTON-ON-NAZE**—Hotel Porto Bello, Walton-on-Naze. English catering. comfort and attention.

**WARWICK**.—Lord Leicester Hotel. Bed., 55; Rec., 3. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 33/-; Golf. Leamington, 1½ miles. Tennis.

**WINDERMERE**.—Rigg's Windermere Hotel. Bed., 60. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. W.E., £2 8/6. Golf, 3/6 daily.

**YARMOUTH**.—Royal Hotel, Marine Parade. Bed., 85. Pens., from £3 12/6. W.E., 25/-; Lun., fr. 3/6; Din., fr. 4/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, dancing.

## HOTELS—Continued

### UNLICENSED

**BLACKPOOL**.—Empire Private Hotel. Facing Sea. Best part promenade. H. & C. all bedrooms. Lift to all floors.

**BOURNEMOUTH**.—Hotel Woodville, 14, Christchurch Road. 1st Class. Chef. Tennis, beach bungalow, garage 45 cars.

**BRIGHTON**.—Glencoe Private Hotel, 112, Marine Parade. Facing sea. Telephone 434711.

**BRIGG**, Lincolnshire. — Lord Nelson Hotel. Pens., £3 10/-. Golf, 2 miles away, 2/6 per day, 7/6 per week. Fishing.

**BRISTOL**.—Cambridge House Hotel, Royal York Crescent, Clifton. Every comfort. Apply prop., L. V. Palmer.

**BUDE**, N. Cornwall. —The Balconies Private Hotel, Downs view. —Pens., from 2 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, bathing, tennis.

**BURNISLAND**, Fifeshire. —Kingswood Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec. 2. Pens., from £3 10/-; W.E., 30/-. Golf, bathing, bowls.

**CHELMSFORD**, Essex. —Ye Olde Rodney, Little Baddow. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E. from 27/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, fishing, yatching, tennis.

**CHELTENHAM SPA**.—Visit the Bays hill Hotel, St. George's Road. Central for Cotswold Tours and all amenities. Moderate. Pinkerton. Tel.: 2578.

**PLYMOUTH** Hotel, Ltd. Pens., £3 13/6; W.E., £1 15/-. Lun., 3/-; Din., 5/-. Golf, polo.

**DARLISH**, S. Devon. —Sea View Hotel, ex. Cuisine, every comfort. Write for Tariff. D. Bendall, prop.

**EASTBOURNE**. —Devonshire Court Hotel, Wilmington Square. —Bed., 15. Pens. from 3 gns.; W.E., from 10/6 per day. Golf, tennis. Winter Garden.

**EDINBURGH**. —St. Mary's Hotel, 32, Palmerston Place. —Pens., from 4 gns. Golf, 2/6. Fishing and tennis in neighbourhood.

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## MISCELLANEOUS

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# THE EMPIRE WEEK BY WEEK

## Representing Britain in Australia

By Geoffrey Tebbutt

SIR GEOFFREY WHISKARD, first High Commissioner in Australia for the British Government, leaves London on February 1 for Canberra.

There will then be High Commissioners in three of the four overseas Dominions, New Zealand alone having elected to maintain the arrangement by which the Governor-General is both the personal representative of the King and of the British Government.

Sir Geoffrey will take up a position which actually was created in 1931, but left unfilled owing to the financial situation. The beginning of his period of office in Canberra will coincide approximately with the inauguration of Sir Alexander Hore-Ruthven, V.C., as Governor-General.

Like the new Governor-General, Sir Geoffrey Whiskard has had previous experience of Australia. He accompanied Mr. Amery, then Secretary for the Dominions, to the Commonwealth on his tour of the Empire in 1927-28.

### Immigration Question

His term in Canberra promises to be one of great importance in Anglo-Australian relations. His work will be both political and economic. The partial lifting of the cloud of depression which has rendered Sir Geoffrey's appointment practicable also offers the prospect of a renewal of migration to Australia.

It is probable that co-operation with the Commonwealth Government in restarting the flow of settlers from Great Britain—bearing in mind the sharp lesson of the failure of the previous schemes—will be the most delicate of the High Commissioners problems.

When Mr. E. T. Crutchley, who has been representing the British Government in Canberra since 1931 (pending the appointment of a High Commissioner), returned to London a few days ago, he spoke hopefully of the prospect of an early resumption of migration. He thought that this might first take the form of parties of boys, but uttered a warning against any assumption that migration to Australia on a large scale was likely in the near future.

"Australia is holding her head well up," added Mr. Crutchley, who hoped that his new position as Public Relations Officer of the General Post Office would not divorce him entirely from Empire affairs.

The development of the Imperial air-mail scheme concerns the Post Office as much as the three other British Government departments responsible, and it may be that Mr. Crutchley's Australian experience

will be utilised also in this direction.

Sir Geoffrey Whiskard will enter upon his duties at Canberra in what promises to become a striking period of Australian revival. Political stability and budgetary improvement, a recovery in the prices of wool and butter, have restored the characteristic optimism of the Commonwealth. Sir Geoffrey may note a far keener interest in the affairs of the outside world than when he was last in Australia.

His appointment gives official expression to the new constitutional status of the Dominions as laid down by the Imperial Conference of 1926.

As the first holder in Australia of an office likely to become increasingly important, he is credited with holding suitably broad views on her position in relation to the Empire and the world.

## A Ray of Sunshine for Kenya

By Cleland Scott

IT is good news that the Colonial Office has at last awakened to the fact that the white settlers of Kenya have real and serious grievances against the administration of the Colony.

Settlers will welcome the arrival of Sir Alan Pim and are already placing great hopes on the result of his enquiry into "the whole field of Governmental expenditure in Kenya."

There can be little doubt that Sir Alan owes his new appointment to the resolutions passed by the Kenya Convention of Settlers' Associations.

That Convention in no unmeasured terms denounced the Kenya Government's failure to save the Colony from economic disaster and demanded both the immediate remission of unpopular taxation and extensive cuts in Government expenditure.

The position of the Kenya settler hitherto has appeared to be that he has not a friend in the world.

He has been sneered at by Indian members of the Legislative Council on one side, disdained by Government on the other, tweaked by the native from the rear, and ignored by the Colonial Office in front.

Most of his troubles are not of his own making so that he has felt like a newly weaned calf turning hither and thither and getting nothing but kicks and blows.

It is hardly his fault that he has the misfortune to live in a Crown Colony, for when he first went there everyone seemed delighted to encourage him to populate this Empire of ours. He is told that other Crown Colonies are nice and docile: how many of them have vigorous white unofficial communities?

September 1935 will long be remembered in the annals of Kenya

history for a variety of reasons. Firstly, owing to the momentous—to Kenya—session of the Convention of Associations, which passed a number of most important resolutions amongst them being one for amalgamation with Tanganyika Territory; only four out of sixty odd delegates voting against the motion.

In September, for the first time, reports on world markets appeared slightly more optimistic, several commodities not being glutted for a change; sisal and butter as well as wool went up. The coffee and maize planters, however, alas, are still producing at a loss. August saw the record output of gold from East Africa, some three thousand ounces.

During September Kenya expects local thunderstorms, but this year these were more general as well as more generous. In fact, from a stockman's viewpoint this has been, after four terrible years, an excellent one. The butter fat pay-out has gone up suddenly to almost ninepence, which, after years of low supplies at sixpence, has been a godsend. In the same month the second consignment of eight hundred bullocks has left for Italian Somaliland, further relieving the local market; five hundred were shipped in July.

### A Singular Omission

Again in September, two gentlemen, one representing the British Merchant Service in the Far East, and one representing the Indian Army, departed from Kenya after touring round examining the country from a residential settlement point of view. Both considered it excellent for retiring officers. However, one was struck, unfavourably one presumes, by the singular lack of Government schemes for assisting permanent white settlement; this lack being particularly noticeable compared with nearby countries.

After years of desperate struggling, the people of Kenya are not going to see the country's assets frittered away, nor are they going to be fobbed off with pious platitudes from the Colonial Office. They know only too well how close to shipwreck they have been, and still are, for that matter. Vague promises, curt refusals, or complete indifference will no longer be tolerated; costs of administration have got to be reduced.

Obviously, the policy of the local Government has been to try to split the country on taxation, hoping to divide commercial and agricultural interests, but everyone knows that the keystone is farming. The whole tone of the Convention was calm and reasoned in spite of provocation to the contrary. An ex-Secretary of State advised all the Elected Members to resign *en bloc* as a protest and in an effort to focus the attention of England on the plight of Kenya.



## If Ottawa is Reviewed

CEYLON is seeking to obtain reciprocal preferential treatment for her goods in Great Britain.

Following the substantial reductions of Imperial tariffs in Ceylon's last budget, which enabled British manufacturers to secure an even greater share of her markets, she is preparing a case for greater preference for her own products when the question of Imperial preference, as embodied in the Ottawa Agreements, is coming up for revision next year.

The commodities concerned include coconut products, cocoa, graphite, citronella, oil, and spices.

### British Cottons Wanted

Ceylon's imports of British cotton piece goods have quadrupled since the quota scheme for foreign textiles was introduced in August last year.

Present indications reveal that the imports from the United Kingdom in the current year will reach, if not exceed, the average annual imports for the years 1927-31 when the effects of Japanese competition were not seriously felt.

In the first eight months of the year the total imports from the United Kingdom of the different descriptions of cotton piece goods were: 8,090,000 yards of bleached, 4,090,000 yards of dyed, 740,000 yards of grey and 4,240,000 yards of printed.

These figures compare favourably with the imports of the corresponding period last year, showing an increase of 12,310,000 yards, made up by 6,070,000 more yards of bleached, 2,990,000 more yards of dyed, 460,000 more yards of grey and 2,790,000 more yards of printed.

The valuation of British textiles has, of course, undergone an appreciable reduction as compared with the pre-quota period, the reduction being highest in the case of bleached goods and lowest in respect of grey cotton piece goods.

## A Coconut Cocktail

THERE are many exhibitions held in London each year, but that to be staged shortly by Ceylon will be the strangest of them all.

Dr. Paul Pieris, the Ceylon Trade Commissioner in London, is arranging for one devoted to coconuts.

"I am quite aware that the public here are already familiar with coconuts used at 'shies' at fairs," said Dr. Pieris, "but there is more behind the nut, and the tree that grows it, than that."

"Two hundred different articles and products are got from the coconut tree, probably the most productive tree in the world. They include oil, arrack copra, desiccated coconut—there are too many to enumerate them. The branches of the tree alone are put to many uses and similarly with the hard shell which covers the kernel and which figures in religious ceremonies to appease the goddess who controls smallpox."

"Incidentally, Ceylon is creating

a new cocktail from arrack, the spirit obtained from the coconut palm. It is to be introduced under the name of 'Coconut Gin.'"

## Kumalo is Happy

KUMALO, the Matabele chieftain who has been playing in the Rhodes film has yet one more experience to take back with him to Africa.

He has seen and spoken to the Prince of Wales.

It happened accidentally while Kumalo, with his companions and Mr. J. W. Posselt, who brought him to this country, was touring the Motor Show.

Kumalo was terribly happy. He didn't want to see any more of the Motor Show. He said: "We are overjoyed at having spoken to the Son of the Great Elephant."

## The Cradle of Scouting

THE Chief Scout, Lord Baden-Powell, accompanied by Lady Baden-Powell, left this country on Saturday, October 19, for a tour of Africa.

A trip to Southern Rhodesia will absorb a large part of his time, for the Colony was not only the cradle of the Boy Scout Movement, but Lord Baden-Powell will be able to give personal birthday greetings to his son Peter, who, following his father's footsteps, went to Southern Rhodesia and joined that historic force, the British South African Police.

His Lordship's son is an ordinary policeman, earning £3 a week and, like hundreds of other young men, was attracted by the life offered by police work in the Colony.

It was in Southern Rhodesia, too, in the Matopos Mountains, that Lord Baden-Powell first learned the art of Scouting and evolved the ideas which later led to the creation of the Boy Scout Movement.

The Chief Scout will also visit Bulawayo and probably pay a visit to the Historical Museum which, amongst other records, boasts an envelope with a Mafeking Siege stamp bearing his signature and a one shilling credit note issued by the authority of "Lt.-Col. Baden-Powell, commanding the Rhodesian Forces."

## Pathfinders

AN appeal for the promotion of the Pathfinder and Wayfarer Movements among the young natives in Bulawayo and for European helpers to assist was made by the Governor of Southern Rhodesia, Sir Herbert Stanley, G.C.M.G., at the annual meeting of the Native Welfare Society of Matabeleland, recently.

"Where the Pathfinder Movement and the Wayfarer Movement have been established and are flourishing," he said, "their effect on native welfare has been remarkable. One has to contend with a certain amount of prejudice, not only among Europeans, but also among natives; but anybody who takes a little trouble to think

what the Scout Movement stands for and what its principles are, will realise that it is not a movement that is confined to any particular race, but has in it principles which will be to the advantage of almost any race at almost any stage of civilisation."

## Record Tobacco Crop

LAST year's crop of tobacco in Southern Rhodesia was a record for the Colony. It totalled 26,792,092 lb., of which 21,186,658 lb., valued at £769,283, was exported.

The export of tobacco to the United Kingdom in 1934 was almost double that of the preceding year—16,392,323 lb., compared with 9,917,654 lb.

## New Field for Paper Production

Pine trees which will grow four times more quickly than in any other paper-producing country are to be planted extensively in Southern Rhodesia.

The Colony is to enter the world's markets as a pulp and paper producer.

This development follows four years of intensive investigation.

The Government of Southern Rhodesia, to whom the whole project has been submitted, wish the enterprise well. Its creation would lead to the employment of considerable numbers of men and an increase in the Colony's revenue.

Work on the industry has already begun. Two thousand acres of pine trees are to be planted annually for twelve years. It is calculated that at the end of this period there will be sufficient trees maturing annually to maintain a production of sixty thousand tons of paper a year.

The scheme has many advantages. There are considerable and growing markets in South Africa and the East; the rate of growth of *Pinus Insignis*, from which good quality newsprint and wrapping paper can be made, is four times greater than that of similar trees in any other paper producing country in the world; and hydro-electric power and fuel are cheap and railway charges to the coast are reasonable.

There is also the possible alternative of disposing of the trees as structural timber—for this purpose trees would be floated to the Port of Beira in Portuguese East Africa, along the Pungwe River, Rhodesia having the right to use the river for this purpose by International Treaty.

## The Empire on the Telephone

THE whole of the Empire will be on the telephone in two weeks' time.

Engineers have been working for some months on additional lines in India to link Ceylon with London, and their work will soon be finished.

At the present time Ceylon is the only part of the Empire not on the 'phone.

## FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF THE EMPIRE

Paul Jones and the Privateers.

By Professor A. P. Newton

THE notion that victory in war depends only upon the results of spectacular pitched battles, finds little support in the pages of history when they are studied connectedly and not merely dipped into where the high lights shine.

The fighting forces have to kept supplied with arms, stores and munitions whether they be on land or sea, and their communications with their base of supply must be maintained uninterrupted if they are to continue their campaigns.

Then, too, the supplies and resources of the homeland itself have to be maintained or there will be such progressive distress among its people that they will begin to lose heart and to stint the reinforcements sent to their forces abroad.

Many instances of the truth of these statements can be found in the history of the last centuries, but perhaps the most striking illustration occurs in our own history during the war we commonly call the War of the American Revolution, but which was largely fought against France with the later assistance of Spain, the northern nations and Holland.

To suppress the insurrections in the thirteen colonies along the American coast George III and Lord North had sent forces of British and Hessian regiments across the Atlantic, and since it was impossible for them to obtain arms, munitions and other supplies in America where there was little manufacture at that date, it was necessary to keep a constant succession of ships carrying out cargoes of stores from British ports but returning only in ballast or very lightly laden.

Such a stream of transports offered a tempting mark and the Americans as early as 1775 began to fit out numerous fast-sailing and lightly armed ships to prey upon them.

Among the commanders employed by the merchants who owned some of these "privateers" was a young Cumberland born sailor named John Paul who had taken the name of Jones, while he was living in North Carolina, and has become famous as Paul Jones.

The British Navy had unfortunately been allowed to deteriorate during the years of peace and had not enough light fast-sailing frigates to protect the routes across the Atlantic.

When the cargo ships sailed in convoy they could be protected, and Jones and his privateers could do little more than snap up the stragglers,

But this method greatly slowed down the transport of supplies and put all the ships at once at the mercy of a single Atlantic gale.

The British commanders in America complained bitterly of the irregularity of the stores that came to them, and as Paul Jones and his fellows increased their activities and defied the few British frigates that alone could be spared to hunt them down, the campaigners in the colonies were badly crippled.

Not only was the despatch of supplies to the armies rendered precarious, but British trade with other lands, and even the East Indies, provided rich hauls for the privateers.

The insurance of goods against war risks on the London market went up to unheard-of heights and many mercantile firms were reduced to bankruptcy by the losses they suffered.

Meanwhile the neutral nations were piling up enormous profits. France took up arms to help the Americans in 1778 and French privateers caused even greater depredations than Paul Jones and the Americans were doing.

But the Dutch made their gains by selling stores to both sides and in the barren island of St. Eustatius in the West Indies they accumulated very large stores of commodities from the prizes captured by the privateers and by illicit trade with the colonists who preferred to send their goods to Europe in Dutch ships to avoid capture.

Paul Jones escaped capture or even defeat all through the war and the fame of his daring was almost legendary.

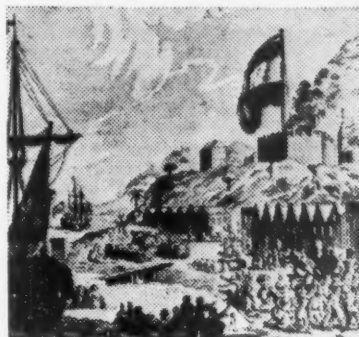
Undoubtedly he did a great deal to convince Englishmen that they must cut their American losses and concentrate on the war against their European enemies.

Admiral Rodney was entrusted with the task of suppressing the Dutch menace at St. Eustatius. The northern nations had joined again the Armed Neutrality, but it was Holland that did the greatest harm and it was determined to attack her.

By a bold and well-directed attack St. Eustatius fell into Rodney's hands with a booty worth more than £2,000,000. A little later at the Battle of the Saints he beat the French fleet and so the menace was removed.

But the losses caused to our commerce by the privateers had left very serious wounds that were only slowly healed.

The Englishmen of the time learned that commerce protection can only be secured by a strong and active Navy, and that to risk a force far distant from the national base of supply without fully guarding its means of communications against any possible enemy is a foolhardy course that is certain to bring disaster in the end.



Sack of Dutch Island of St. Eustatius, West Indies, by Admirals Rodney and Vaughan, 3rd February, 1781. Rodney's fleet re-established English sea power in West Indies

## Cornish Miners for Rhodesia

THE twelve miners who are to go out to Rhodesia from this country have all been selected from Cornwall.

The party is an experimental one and if successful it is probable that they will be followed by others from the Old Country.

It had been intended, if necessary, to visit other districts, but the quality of the applicants interviewed by Mr. S. M. Lanigan O'Keeffe, the High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia, at Redruth in Cornwall on October 14 made it possible for him to fulfil all his requirements from that county.

The miners will be sent to the Colony in order to work on the goldfields.

Mr. O'Keeffe, in explaining the objects of the experiment to the *Saturday Review*, remarked:—

"It was my first opportunity of making personal contact with unemployed men in a distressed area and I was greatly struck with their bearing, physique and self-respect. The men selected are young, but they are skilled and experienced miners, used to working with jack-hammers in the Cornish tin mines where the technique is very similar to that practised on the Rhodesian goldfields.

"Great keenness was shown to go to Southern Rhodesia and I was sorry that we could not accept the offers of many more.

"The output of gold in the Colony is steadily increasing and that means more employment and I hope that an increased demand for chrome, asbestos and other minerals in Rhodesia will also create a demand for skilled labour there. The present need is in the gold mines and must be considered an experiment.

"If British people would buy what the settlers grow, Southern Rhodesia could take thousands of people from the Mother Country," Mr. O'Keeffe concluded.



# Finance in the Doldrums

By Our City Editor

**D**ESPITE the anxiety of the investing public to take an interest in markets and the inherent strength of securities based on the continued improvement in Home trade and an apparently endless vista of "cheap money," the City finds financial conditions drifting more and more into stagnation, though prices are remarkably susceptible to the day's news. The recent enforced inactivity has been imposed by two factors, the complicated international situation in which we have become enmeshed, and the imminence of a General Election which nowadays threatens complete chaos so far as finance and commerce are concerned.

Of the two, the first is probably the more disturbing in that at any moment it may take an unexpected and most unpleasant turn. In matters of international politics the City is strangely apathetic, hoping only that men of business in the countries concerned will be allowed to work out their own salvation without interference from Governments, but the present situation has convinced even the most unconcerned of financial men of Britain's foolishness in becoming involved unnecessarily in such an *imbroglio*. The British authorities are seemingly taking a fiendish delight in straining the position to the utmost in pressing for the firm application of sanctions which must prove not only costly but ineffective.

It is interesting to read the views of a leading produce firm on the Baltic. "Anyone who had experience of stopping the flow of goods during previous wars," this firm writes, "would know that peaceful sanctions mean very little. We do not want wild talk," this firm considers, "of the international pooling of the wealth of the Colonies. What is required is a real effort towards freeing trade." This view very ably expresses the general opinion of those who have to carry on the country's trade under the difficulties imposed by various Governments.

## Argentine Railway Position

The Chairman of the Central Argentine Railway Company, Mr. W. Howard-Williams, expressed at last officially what stockholders of the British owned railways in Argentina must have felt for some time past, namely, that the Argentine authorities are not giving the railways a "square deal." The Central Argentine Chairman mentioned that of the £277,000,000 of British capital invested in

Argentine Railways, £174,000,000 is now earning no interest. Mr. Howard-Williams spoke from first-hand knowledge of the position in pointing out how the development of the Argentine Republic had been dependent upon the great British-owned railway systems. He quoted the example of Rosario on the Central Argentine line which in 1934 shipped five million tons of cereals, the bulk of it to Great Britain. Now the Argentine Railways are unfairly taxed, road competition is allowed to run rife, and Mr. Howard-Williams had to place on record "evidence of premeditated antagonism towards foreign capital, the liberal provision of which made Argentina what it is to-day."

## "Americans"

Only a few weeks ago the prospects for American securities were discussed in these columns and events since that date have supported the "bullish" view which was then taken. Whatever the policy of the Roosevelt administration in the past, next year's election makes it imperative that the impression of a "boom" in U.S.A. should prevail by next Spring, and one of the essentials for such an impression is a rise in security prices. Already prices have shown themselves well on the upgrade and many stocks have reached in the past week their highest prices for the year. It is a very short time ago that International Nickel of Canada were mentioned in this column at around 29. The price of this stock is now approaching 32. No one will pretend that this stock gives an investment yield at this figure, but earnings are expanding by leaps and bounds, helped by the rise in the price of copper as well as by exceptional demands for nickel.

## Cornish Tin Share

Tin mining shares have recently come in for some attention but so great was the extent to which confidence was shaken by the Pepper trouble earlier in the year and its connection with the Tin-mining world that yields of 10 per cent. and more are still available and many investors refuse to have anything to do with the market. But the companies now produce up to 80 per cent. of their standard tonnages and with Tin at over £220 per ton all the efficient producers are making very satisfactory profits. A share which seems somewhat neglected to date is that of Geevor Tin Mines Ltd., which can be bought at under 18s. to return nearly 12 per cent. on the basis of last year's 30 per cent. dividend. The company operates over a large area in Cornwall, and though in the past Cornish tin-mining concerns have not been too profitable from the investor's point of view, present conditions are favourable to such an efficient company as Geevor, which has built up such a strong liquid position that cash and Government securities total £44,000, compared with an issued capital of £84,000. Net profit last year was £31,000 and there is every indication that this level of earnings is being maintained.

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## THEATRE NOTES

## "Espionage"

## Apollo Theatre

By Walter Hackett.

THOSE who like their mixture as before have a pleasant evening in store at the Apollo. Once more there is Miss Marion Lorne—charming, fluttering bewildered in the midst, not this time of crooks from London's underworld, but international spies, Secret Service agents and politicians.

This mixture of thrills and laughter cannot and does not fail to provide an amusing evening's entertainment, but somehow the thrills were never really very thrilling nor the laughter very loud. J. H. Roberts is his usual polished and clever self, but his part tails off. In the same way Leonard Upton and Eric Maturin are allowed to suggest that they are very sinister—but the author would excite us more if we could see more of them in action. Edwin Styles does well as the English Secret Service agent, though his general deportment seemed to smack more of the musical comedy stage than of the Secret Service.

There was a host of charming ladies with little to do, and of course we had a mysterious baroness, played by decorative Jeanne Stuart. Frank Cellier's characteristic sureness of touch made a real person of Kronsky the politician, and Marion Lorne was her own bewildered self. She is fortunate in having Walter Hackett, the dramatist, for a husband to provide her continually with a fresh series of complicated situations in each play, whilst he is fortunate in having a wife to adorn them so delightfully.

The audience in its turn is grateful for the happy combination that provides so many amusing evenings. But it would be interesting to speculate whether Miss Lorne might not be a better actress if she had not the opportunity to play "herself" so often, and Mr. Hackett a better dramatist if his dramas were not always cut to pattern.

## "The Black Eye"

## Shaftesbury Theatre

By James Bridie.

"THE Black Eye," by James Bridie, at the Shaftesbury Theatre is very correctly described in the programme as a novelette, and it is almost impossible to believe that such a family as the Windlestraws ever existed outside the novelist's imagination. At various points during the play, the hero comes in front of the curtain and explains himself—not a necessary nor a particularly amusing thing since, if the dramatist is a dramatist, he should be able to dispense with a Greek chorus.

George Windlestraw, played by Stephen Haggard, failing to pass his examinations—which he certainly would not have done had he brought to them the common sense and sound reasoning he displayed in his lectures before the curtain—makes a fortune at gambling and saves the family from financial disaster. Such is the play, the plot and the solution.

Jean Cadell as Mrs. Windlestraw is amusing, though this fine actress was wasted on an ordinary part. Morland Graham, as her husband, gave a

beautifully balanced and sane performance as George's rather exasperated father. Frank Pettingell and Ralph Roberts were excellent. The young ladies were adequate and unexciting and Stephen Haggard, apart from a tendency to play to the gallery when he was in front of the curtain, was a very likeable and human young man.

## "Anatol"

## Gate Theatre Studio

By Arthur Schnitzler.

FOR once I am disappointed with Mr. Norman Marshall. He has produced so many interesting plays at his Gate Theatre that it was a shock to go there and be bored. For without any doubt Schnitzler's "Anatol" was a bore, despite the fact that he had been transmogrified by Mr. Harley Granville Barker. Mr. Basil Bartlett did little or nothing to relieve the tedium. Perhaps he was bored, too. Miss Pamela Stanley and Miss Betty Hardy woke us up for two brief moments. I do hope that Mr. Marshall will not fall into the common error of thinking that plays are better when they are translated than when they are not.

## "Distinguished Gathering"

## Embassy Theatre

By James Parish.

I DO not propose to say much about this excellent "thriller" since I hope to have the opportunity of reviewing it at greater length when it makes its thoroughly deserved appearance in the West End. It was ably produced by John Fernald, and excellently acted by Joan Hickson, Bernard Lee, Barbara Couper and Oliver Johnstone. C.S.

## THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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## CINEMA

## A FINE START

BY MARK FORREST

**A** NEW British organisation, called British National Films, has made a very good beginning with a picture called *Turn of the Tide*, which is to be seen at the Capitol. Unfortunately the American film, which shares the programme, is so poor that the British one may well be withdrawn before enough people have a chance to see it.

*Turn of the Tide* is not a long film, nor does it boast of the sugar icing with which Hollywood is prone to coat its pills, but it has something more valuable to recommend it. Mr. Norman Walker, the producer, has succeeded in putting a small piece of England on the screen. I have drawn attention often enough, and some of my fellow critics have done the same, to the beautiful country and coasts which make up this island, and we have pleaded not once but again and again that film companies should make use of them instead of playing hide-and-seek around draughty trees and rocks in the studio. Very meagre attempts have so far been made, but when pictures like *Man of Aran* and *Turn of the Tide* make their appearance there is no doubt about the enthusiasm of the cinema-goer.

*Family Rivalry*

*Turn of the Tide*, which is laid in a Yorkshire fishing village, boasts none of the tremendous seascapes which characterised *Man of Aran*, but it has the same simplicity and its story, though not a very new one, sustains the interest sufficiently to keep one quiet when familiarity with the exterior shots has banished one's first curiosity. The theme is the rivalry of two families who make their living by the sea: the Fosdycks, who have been in the village since time began, and the Lunnns, who have settled there recently with modern gear and go-ahead ideas. The granddaughter of the Fosdycks falls in love with one of the Lunnns, but we are not treated to a tragic finish such as is called forth by the same situation in Shakespeare.

The photography, while rising to no great heights, is perfectly adequate and the acting is far above the average. The name of J. Fisher White, who plays the grandfather, will be familiar to most people and so will those of Joan Maude and John Garrick; Geraldine Fitzgerald is, however, a newcomer to me and she gives a first-rate performance. If British National Films are worried about the future, they might read *Owd Bob*.

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St.. Ger. 2981

AWARDED THE VOLPI CUP AT VENICE 1935 FOR THE WORLD'S BEST SCREEN PERFORMANCE

**Paula Wessely**

(of "Maskerade" fame) in

**"EPISODE" (A)**

## BROADCASTING

## IS MORE NOISE NECESSARY?

BY ALAN HOWLAND

**I** SUPPOSE we are more or less used to watching the antics of committees and commissions which have been convened to sit on this or that, and I imagine that broadcasting during its short life has been more sat upon in this way than many other public institutions. The findings of these bodies are sometimes academically interesting, frequently amusing and always about five years out of date. I understand that such a commission, or whatever it may be called, has recently been directing its attention to the plight of British Broadcasting and that, after profound deliberation, it may be expected to promulgate something or other at any moment.

It has even leaked out—and anyone who has been employed by the B.B.C. knows that these things do leak out in some inexplicable way—that there is a movement in favour of more broadcasting. Programmes, apparently, do not begin early enough in the day, and there are still a couple of hours or so before 10.15 a.m. eating their heads off.

The advocates of this proposed extension of the B.B.C.'s activities obviously believe that there is not sufficient noise available to make the civilised man really happy. They will point out to you in the most disarming way that, after all, you need not switch on if you do not wish to listen, but they are convinced that their duty to humanity is to provide noise of some sort for twenty-four hours a day in order to satisfy the cravings of the morons who cannot live without it.

*A Retrograde Step*

With such people, of which our Government Commissions are apparently composed, I entirely disagree in principle. I do not believe that anybody should be encouraged to look upon his wireless set as a mechanical contrivance guaranteed to relieve him of the necessity to think, speak or indeed to create anything for himself. Any proposal which has this as its object I believe to be retrograde and uncivilised.

From the more practical point of view I have come to the conclusion that, granted a static amount of money ear-marked for programmes, the more programmes, the less money available for each. This, if my logic does not fail me, means a lowering in the artistic standard of every programme broadcast, unless all artists are persuaded to accept even lower fees. It may, of course, be said that the general artistic standard of the B.B.C. programmes could not in any event be lowered, and that therefore the more broadcasting the merrier. I do not subscribe to this opinion. I can sometimes, under the influence of some powerful emotion, conjure up a vision of an orchestra even worse than some of the studio orchestras, but even when I do I wish I hadn't.

# LADY HOUSTON'S COLD CURE

In the days of Good Queen Victoria, who, wholly to our advantage, ruled us with a rod of iron and made her Ministers shiver in their shoes, there lived a celebrated physician named Dr. Abernethy, famed alike for his skill and his *rudeness*, of whom this story is told:

"Well, what's the matter with you?" said Dr. Abernethy to a new patient entering his consulting room.

"Only a cold," said the patient, timidly.

"Only a cold," said the great man; "what more do you want—the *plague*?"

I tell you this in order to impress upon you how important it is not to neglect a cold, and how you should *immediately* take every means to fight it tooth and nail. A cold is the forerunner of pneumonia, and bronchitis, and very often ends in death.

My cure for a cold is the amalgamated wisdom of many famous Doctors. Here it is:—

Immediately the slightest sign of a cold shows itself, the wisest thing to do is to go straight to bed, with a hot water bottle, wrap your head in a shawl and try and sweat it out—taking the remedies I am going to give you forthwith. But if you cannot go to bed it will, of course, take longer to cure you.

## THE CURE

**(This is not for lazy people!)**

Start with a nasal douche by sniffing up your nostrils and gargling your throat with a teaspoonful of mild disinfectant (such as Listerine) or, what is equally good, a teaspoonful of salt (not Cerebos) dissolved in a tumblerful of hot water. This must be done *immediately*, and always before and after food.

Next take at least 2, perhaps 3, tablespoonsful of Castor Oil (this, of course, you won't like, but it is very necessary). The way to take Castor Oil so that you don't taste it is to cut an orange in two, then fill a tablespoon with the oil, swallow it quickly and suck the orange, and you won't taste the oil at all.

Take half a small teaspoonful of Langdale's Cinnamon in water three times during the day.

You should take your temperature and, if above normal, take 10 grains of Salicine (buy half a dozen packets of this drug—10 grains in each packet—and take one every two hours, taking not more than 3 doses in all). This, of course, is only for fever.

From the moment the cold starts, drink quantities of very hot water, as hot as you can sip it—about 2 big tumblers full at least every 2 hours.

Orange juice is very good taken for a cold, and also is the juice of a lemon if put into the hot water, or home-made lemonade, made with lemons cut up, with plenty of sugar, put into a jug with boiling water. This can be taken instead of the plain hot water.

Steep a small piece of cotton wool with Byard's Oil and put it up your nostrils and round your gums, several times during the day and night, and after drinking the hot water.

If you have a cough, Gee's Cough Linctus should be taken.

If the cough is very tiresome at night, a teaspoonful of yellow vaseline acts like magic and stops the cough immediately.

If the cold is not better after one day, continue the whole treatment again for another day, but if after two days there is no improvement, *which is most unlikely*, there must be complications and it would be best for you to consult a Doctor.

Lady Houston wishes it understood that this cold cure is only for a cold when it first makes its appearance and *not* for one that has been on for some time and becomes serious, or for bronchitis and pneumonia, but it will be found very useful for curing the cold before it becomes serious.

*The Drugs to buy:—Listerine, Castor Oil, Byard's Oil, Langdale's Cinnamon, Gee's Cough Linctus, Yellow Vaseline.*

If this remedy cures you, and I hope and believe it will, please report to me, and in payment let your fee be—just saying—God bless Lady Houston.

L.H.



# Whose Fault Is This, Mr. Chamberlain?



Mr. Chamberlain

*In his Glasgow speech, Mr. Chamberlain evidently wishes to pretend that he and his Government have been vainly struggling against overwhelming odds, to arm the Nation, instead of having—as they have done—worked tooth and nail for disarmament—*  
**FOR FOUR LONG WEARY YEARS**



Lady Houston

*A few extracts from Mr. Chamberlain's speech—*

## On Defences

"I am not sure that this trouble . . . would ever have occurred if this country's defence forces had been stronger . . . The Government has come to the conclusion that we must begin to repair our defences . . . We are satisfied that the time has come when we must speed up the pace again."

## Mr. Chamberlain then remarks—

"When you are facing such a position as that, it seems to me it is essential that the Government of the country should be clothed with unquestionable authority and should be assured of sufficient stability of tenure to be able to carry out its policy to the end."

## To these remarks Lady Houston says—

Whose fault is this, Mr. Chamberlain? In 1932 I pleaded with you: "YOU are the Watchman answerable to God and to your Country for the defence of the Nation. Can you, as Watchman, persist in a measure so fatally dangerous to the safety of your Country?"

## On the League of Nations.

### Mr. Chamberlain says—

"We are not taking up the cudgels for Abyssinia; this is not merely the fate of Abyssinia; it is a question of the fate of the League itself."

## To this Lady Houston says—

What has the League of Nations ever done for England? except to cost many millions of money and to drag us into quarrelling with countries who were good and faithful friends—No, No, NO, Mr. Chamberlain—get out of the League of Nations and mind your own business and the business of your country which you and your colleagues have shamefully neglected.

## But Lady Houston replies—

On the contrary, the Government have taken upon themselves **TOO MUCH** authority without consulting the country in the disgraceful dragging down the Defences of the Realm, permitting the ruin of shipping, agriculture, and mining, and in forcing the White Paper through. These are a few things they have done without a shadow of right or authority from the people of the Nation, and in spite of urgent remonstrances from all who saw the danger and mischief they were bringing on us, it is rank hypocrisy to pretend that the "National" Government did not know that the Country always wished ardently for complete and efficient defences—they were told so again and again by the heads of each department—and now they are trying to push the blame on the people they betrayed and cheated—472 votes for Conservatism in the last election were not given for **DISARMAMENT—GIVING AWAY INDIA** and all your **OTHER TORTS AGAINST YOUR COUNTRY**, Mr. Chamberlain.